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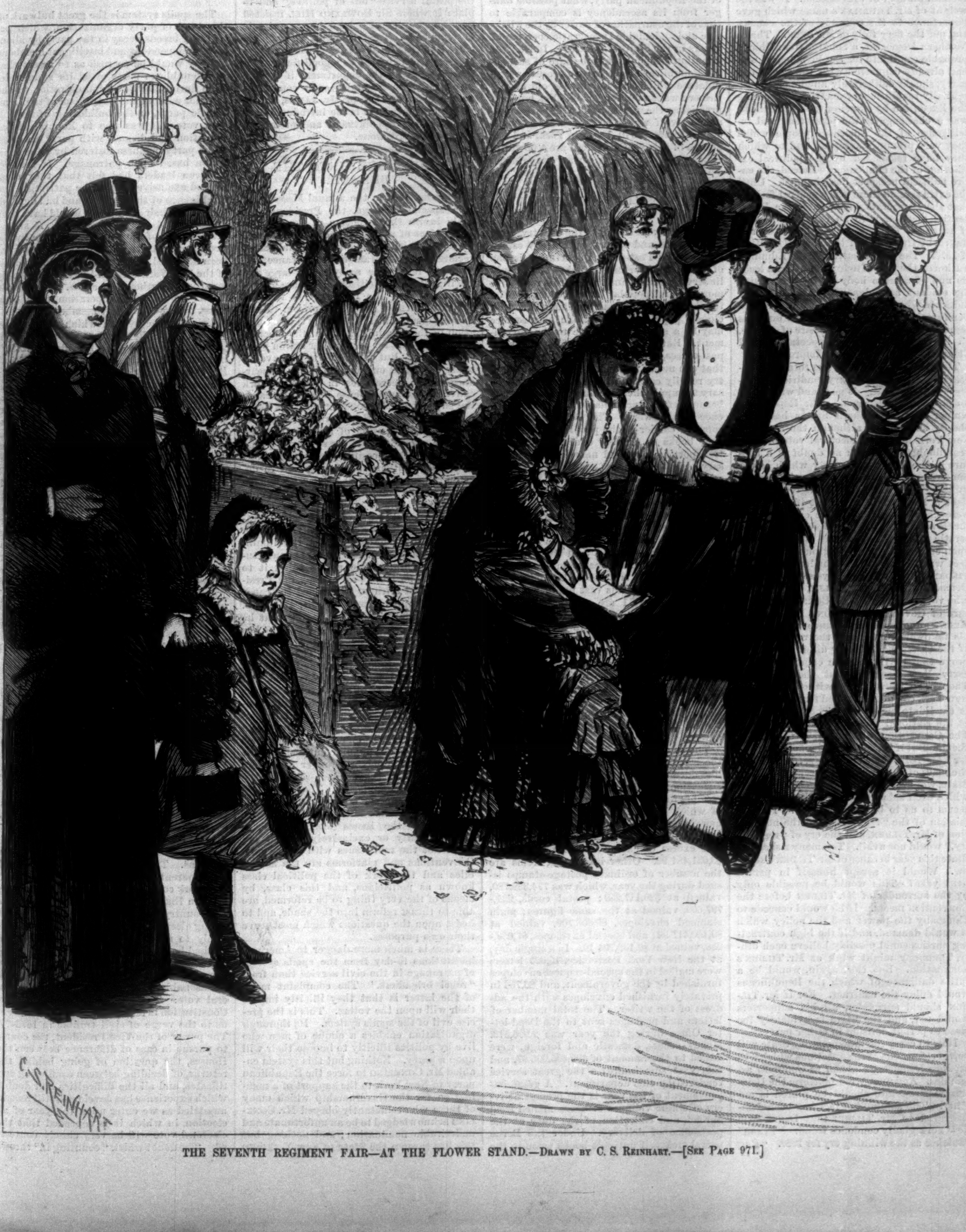


THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR—AT THE FLOWER STAND.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 971.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 13, 1879.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive the fifth Number of* Harper's Young-People, *containing the first part of a brilliant serial story, by* George MacDonald, *illustrated by* Fredericks, *and other interesting stories, pictures, etc., for young readers.*

The sixth issue of Harper's Young People *will be sent out with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A CHASTENED CONGRESS.

THE Democratic majority in Congress will assemble in a more chastened mood than that in which they separated at the end of the extra session. The elections of the autumn have done swift execution upon the Senator who was chiefly responsible for the colossal blunder of that session. It was the weight of Mr. Thurman's name which gave importance to the counsels of the caucus, and not the fiery folly of Mr. Beck. That a Northern Democrat, a Senator from Ohio, a probable candidate for the Presidency, who had already coquetted with the rag-money party, should deliberately announce the essentially revolutionary doctrine of coercing the Executive by starving the government, was a challenge to the patriotism and intelligence of the American people which they very promptly accepted, and to which they have responded by the political extinction of the challenger. Indeed, the entire political prospect has changed. Until the extra session there was a general feeling that the Democrats would enter the Presidential election with an excellent chance of success. The reaction of 1874 was not stayed by the result of the general election of 1876. The bitter hatred of the Administration on the part of many Republican leaders and of a large body of the party, with the evident ascendency of Mr. Tilden in the State whose electoral vote would secure Democratic success, the continued business depression, and the natural desire of change, all inspired Democratic expectation, and Democratic success was not improbable.

This flattering prospect has totally disappeared. Even the primary condition of success—a solid South—is now, and within but a short time, questioned. The Republican temper of the Northern States has been plainly shown, and although the result in New York leaves its electoral vote of next year doubtful, there is no doubt of a rupture in the Democratic party which, under the circumstances, can not be easily healed. In the State which it was agreed might elect a Democratic President if the party were united, the Democratic candidate for the Governorship has been defeated by Democratic votes. The defeat was achieved upon confessedly personal grounds. Its object was to prevent the nomination of Mr. Tilden next year. Seventy-seven thousand Democrats voted for Mr. Kelly, besides those who voted directly for Mr. Cornell to make sure of Governor Robinson's defeat. Mr. Kelly announced in advance that he and his followers would bolt the renomination of the Governor, and they did it in order to prove that no Democratic candidate could carry New York without their consent. They have proved that without their aid New York can not be carried for a Democratic candidate next year. They will appear at the National Convention of their party. The Convention will not dare to exclude them. But if it should admit them to speak for New York, their opponents, representing the mass of the "regular" party vote in the State, would not submit. A compromise by which each side would neutralize the other seems to us to be impracticable. The admission of the "regulars," and the nomination of Mr. Tilden, and the cry of "regularity," would not avail. Tammany risked the State this year because of Mr. Tilden's shadow. Would it accept himself in person next year? This would be possible only by the surrender of Mr. Tilden before the Convention meets. If he would concede to Tammany the power and the policy which it would demand, and if the high contracting parties could possibly believe each other, Tammany might wink at Mr. Tilden's nomination. But this, again, would be a futile dalliance of which the Republicans would enjoy the usufruct. For if Mr. Tilden should surrender, all his supporters would not, and the State is evidently too close to permit division in either party.

How to carry the indispensable State will be, therefore, one of the questions which will produce Democratic gloom as Congress assembles. And upon what platform the Democratic candidate should be placed is another. The astounding fact has been demonstrated to Mr. Tilden that Democratic New York gladly condones fraud. "Fraud" vanishes as the winning cry for 1880. "Rag money" failed utterly to carry Ohio. "Soldiers at the polls," where no soldier ever hindered an honest voter, could not prevent Democrats from voting against their own candidate. "National election laws" to secure honest elections are not a bugbear to intelligent Americans. "State rights," shouted by those who tried to destroy the government under a plea of State sovereignty, is not a rallying cry for patriotism. Even if the Democratic party could find a candidate to carry New York, it could not find a cause or a cry. As for "reform," it is buried under ciphers, and more has been accomplished under Republican auspices than Democrats ever ventured to promise. It is certainly very difficult to see for what public reason a man who wishes the country to continue in a sound financial direction, or to secure the chances of reform, should support a Democratic candidate upon any possible Democratic platform. What great purpose, or policy, or measure, does the Democratic party represent? Whatever the faults of the Republican party, what possible danger from its ascendency is comparable to that of the usurpation of power by the wholesale and undeniable Democratic coercion of voters in the Southern States? Indeed, the situation is such that, to be sure of success, the Republicans have only to present a candidature which will not arouse old hostilities or awaken apprehension. Yet, however promising the position, it will be serviceable only if wisely improved. The heart of the contest will be New York, and the figures of this year's election are a powerful exhortation to wise and wary Republican action.

THE POST-OFFICE ANNUAL REPORT.

From the vast extent of the country, with its immense and sparsely peopled Western frontier, the Post-office Department is one of the most important branches of the public service, and no annual report is read with more general popular interest than that of the Postmaster-General. In compact States, closely populated, the public post service may be a source of revenue to the government. But of our more than forty thousand post-offices, the great multitude are of a kind that can not be remunerative, and the country readily consents to the taxation necessary to supply the deficiency of the revenue because of the incalculable civilizing influence of the work. The Post-office is the common carrier of the people. By circulating books it diffuses education, and by transporting a myriad nameless and necessary objects it pushes civilization farther and farther into the wilderness. It helps forward the intelligent settlement of the country as no other agency could help it, and the money spent in maintaining its enterprise and efficiency is money wisely spent. During the last year there have been 2676 post-offices established and 1079 discontinued, so that the actual number of offices now in operation is 40,855, or 1597 more than last year. Of all this vast number of postmasters, only 1711 are nominated by the President, yet he nominates all whose salary is more than $1000. There are a hundred thousand persons who are legally entitled to have access to the mails, yet the entire number arrested for criminal offenses against postal laws during the year was but 552. There were 558 removals and 5627 resignations and expirations of commissions. We should have been glad to see what proportion of the expiring commissions were renewed.

The report of the Postmaster-General for the last fiscal year is a clear and business-like document, which contains the very information that the inquirer seeks. The total receipts during the year were $30,041,982 36, of which New York returned $5,710,310, or more than twice the amount returned by any other State; and Alaska returned $53. The excess of expenses over receipts was $3,031,454 96. Other interesting items are the number of ordinary postage-stamps issued during the year, which was 774,358,780, valued at $20,117,259; postal cards, 221,797,000, valued at the same figures; plain stamped envelopes, 80,806,700, valued at $2,160,417 92; and special envelopes, 67,058,250, valued at $2,139,704 10. In a single day, at the New York Post-office, 15,625 letters were mailed in the special-request envelopes furnished by the government, and 86,753 in privately furnished envelopes with the address of the writer. The total number of letters and packages sent to the Dead-letter Office during the year was 2,996,513. Money-orders, domestic and foreign, were issued to the amount of $90,495,095 97, and this vast sum indicates the great service rendered by this department. A great improvement of the year is the prompt delivery of single volumes of books mailed from abroad, and collection of the duty at the post-office of delivery. Under the Berne postal treaty, if dutiable books came in the mails, they were immediately returned. The advantage of the new regulation is obvious, and the Postmaster-General wisely recommends a similar regulation for all other dutiable articles transmitted by mail.

The new classification of mail matter adopted last spring has given universal satisfaction, and the relations of the department with foreign post departments have been actively and efficiently maintained. This has been done not only by the General Post-office in Washington, but at the great local office, that in the city of New York. The assistant-postmaster, Mr. Pierson, a very able administrative officer, has during the year personally investigated the methods of the foreign service. In many details, however, that service has more to learn of us than it can teach us. Under the administration of Mr. James in the New York office the general improvement in the postal service has been remarkable. With all his interest in politics, and with all the political traditions of the office, he has done much to take the postal service "out of politics," and to place it where Sir Rowland Hill insisted upon placing it in England—upon a simple business basis. The business of a chief post-office like that in New York is vast and perplexing, and it would be a good fortune for the city and for the department if it were sure always to be under such competent management as that of Mr. James, among whose best measures is the introduction of the system of appointment and promotion by proved merit alone.

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH.

We trust that in the annual Message, or in a special Message, the President will again invite the attention of Congress to the subject of reform in the civil service—a subject which in his inaugural address he declared to be of paramount importance, and which is felt to be so by a very large and intelligent body of citizens. We are aware, of course, that the President is thought by many earnest friends of reform totally to have disqualified himself, by the co-operation of the Administration in the election of Mr. Cornell, for any further action upon the subject. But of this view we have already expressed our opinion. The appearance of the Secretaries in the New York canvass was an immense mistake, because the support of Mr. Cornell was not indispensable to prove New York to be Republican for the election of next year, which was the alleged reason for supporting him. It was perfectly possible at the same time to oppose Southern bulldozing and to demand reform of the civil service. The surrender at this point, therefore, was not only unnecessary, but it was very injurious to the cause. Yet it was only a fresh illustration of the inconsistency of action which we have often pointed out; and the Administration support of Mr. Cornell, unfortunate and unjustifiable as we think it to have been, no more proves that the President has lost faith or abandoned the cause than the appointment of Mr. Packard. While, therefore, we deeply regret what he has not done, we can not forget what he has accomplished, and the Message, we hope, will state it to the country. The object of the reform is studiously misrepresented by politicians, and much misunderstood. It concerns the *method* of appointment, and its objects are the conduct of the public business upon business principles, and the removal of the chief source of corruption in politics. It is not one of the questions that arouse great popular enthusiasm, but it is one which has a stronger and more general hold of the common-sense of the country than is supposed. Those who say that it is altogether subordinate, and that public opinion has not made it an issue, forget that the issues which platforms most urgently or exclusively present are often not the real issues with the people. Conventions and platforms are the assemblies and the work of the political class known as politicians, and this class, by means of the very thing to be reformed, are able to thrust reform into the shade, and to insist upon the questions which most serve their own purposes.

There is much more danger to American institutions to-day from the spoils system of patronage in the civil service than from "rebel brigadiers." The complaint made of the latter is that they illicitly impose their will upon the voters. This is the precise evil of the spoils system. Its thorough organization enables a clique of men who live by politics illicitly to impose their will upon a party. Nothing but this system enabled Mr. Conkling to force the Republican party of New York to the support of a nomination for the Governorship which many of those who reluctantly obeyed Mr. Conkling acknowledged to be an unfortunate and undesirable nomination; and nothing but this has thrown the State of New York into doubt for next year. The iron despotism of party, of which in the form that we see it our fathers knew little, although mere party spirit was as strong formerly as now, is riveted by the spoils system. It is a system which puts all political progress into the hands of a selfish and often corrupt clique, depending upon ignorance and prejudice for its success. It transforms a party from an agency into a tyranny. President Woolsey says very truly, in his *Political Science*, that

> "the worse the parties are, and the more selfish, their one rule will more and more be to stick together.... This principle, which puts partisanship in the room of patriotism, and fear in that of conviction, only retards the death of a party that is mortally wounded already. But it debases character more than almost anything else. The fear of public opinion in a free country, where character and motive are discussed without reserve, is strong enough to make cowards of most men; but when it becomes a moral principle that a man, if a representative, owes it to his party to vote with it through thick and thin, and is bound, if only a private citizen, to support the regular candidate, there is a turning of moral rules upside down which may corrupt the character of a whole country."

The spoils system is the great bulwark of this kind of party organization, which necessarily breeds decay in the party by alienating independent and intelligent members. Nobody would be so rash as to assert that the Republican party owed its sudden decline during the last Administration to the superior wisdom and patriotism of the Democratic party, or the bulldozing of the colored vote. It was due to Republican indignation and disgust with party excesses, and a party madness fostered by an organization based upon patronage. If the Republican leaders had felt that they must depend exclusively upon the patriotism and intelligence of the country, and had depended upon it, their ascendency would have been unchallenged for a generation. A strong presentation of the subject of reform by the President, with the statement of what has been achieved in the Collector's department of the New York Custom-house alone, would greatly strengthen the cause. We should expect no sincere co-operation from Congress, because too many members owe their position to the system which is to be reformed. The Republican Congress eight years ago responded to President Grant's interest in the subject by an appropriation. But it was made not from any confidence in reform or conviction of its necessity, but merely in deference to what was thought to be a whim of the President, which members would prevent from going to any dangerous extreme. Congress will act as public opinion becomes more exigent upon the subject, and public opinion, already greatly interested, will be instructed and aroused still further by the facts which the President is able to present to the country. Neither the despondency of friends nor the ridicule of enemies need obscure the fact that there has been very substantial and hopeful progress during the administration of President Hayes, and we repeat that the most important advance in the reform yet made is the perfect practicability of the new method which has been furnished in the Collector's office of the New York Custom-house since the 1st of last April.

COUNTING IN AND COUNTING OUT.

The recent interview with Senator Carpenter, in which he announced that the Democrats in Congress would probably deliberately "count out" the Republican candidate for the Presidency, even if he should be elected; the stories from Maine of the intention of the Governor and Council to "count out" honestly elected members of the Legislature; the surmises in New York that there was suspicious delay in counting the vote; and the confidence of many excellent people that the votes of certain States were falsely counted at the last Presidential election—reveal a new peril in politics, or rather an old peril in dangerous proportions. Tweed's simple device to secure an apparent majority was to "count in." The work could be much more conveniently done in that manner. But how long could the country stand Tweed's method of deciding elections? and how long would it be likely to submit to a conviction that his method had been generally adopted?

One of the flagrantly unpardonable omissions of Congress is the neglect to provide a reasonable method of counting the electoral vote. The defect of precision in the Constitution in defining the method brought us to the verge of civil trouble in 1876–77. The power of the Vice-President, the course to pursue in case of difference between the Houses, the question of going behind the returns, of deciding between conflicting certificates, and all the difficulties and doubts which experience has developed, still remain unsettled as we enter upon the year of an election in which it is conceded that the electoral vote will be very closely contested. The doubt which "counting in" throws over the result of an election, and the uncertainty of Congressional decision upon the subject of counting, are exceedingly hurtful. When the two Houses are of the same party majority, they can readily agree upon a course to pursue. But the danger lies in their differing party character, as in 1877.

Probably nothing will be done at this coming session, and we shall show how little we have profited by experience when the danger again confronts us. One of the mischiefs arising from the frequency of Presidential elections is the difficulty of securing necessary general legislation. Congress is chiefly concerned with securing party advantages, and framing party platforms and cries. Everybody expects, and it is experience which teaches them to expect, that the present session will be devoted to "President-making." If that must be so, what better form could the inevitable action take than consideration of an amendment to the Constitution defining the doubtful points of proceeding in the existing provisions for determining the election? "Counting in" is a crime against the fundamental principle of popular government, which, when it becomes general, argues decay of the republic itself. It is poisoning the fountain. Mr. Carpenter's anticipation merely repeats that of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. It is nothing less than that, under the forms of law, a Democratic Congress will overthrow the government. The only plausible argument for the possibility of such a course lies in the increasing belief that elections are getting to be decided by "counting in" and "counting out;" and when such a charge is gravely made against the Governor of a New England State and his Council, and the highest court of the State is invoked to interfere, there may be some reason for wondering whether the country is likely to be juggled out of the honest result of a Presidential election.

A BLAMELESS BISHOP.

The tribute of members of his diocese to Bishop Potter—a tribute, as Mr. Evarts said, all the more imposing from the consciousness of the larger concourse of adherents of his Church who were present only in spirit—was a fitting recognition of the faithful and blameless service of an eminent Christian minister. Nothing in his episcopal career is more striking than its total want of ostentation. Bishop Potter never thrusts himself, nor is he ever thrust by others, upon public attention, but noiselessly and effectively, and to the entire satisfaction of his communion, he presides over this branch of his Church.

No one, we venture to say, will dispute the assertion of Mr. Evarts that American bishops are suitable to American States, however the remark might have been challenged had he put it in another form. The freedom of Anglican and Methodist bishops in this country from all secular authority and ecclesiastical pomp is becoming to a republican commonwealth, and the dignity, urbanity, and efficiency of Bishop Potter commend him to the respect of every religious denomination. In a state without a king and without a national Church an ecclesiastical hierarchy stands upon its own merits. It will be honored and trusted as it shows itself to be worthy of confidence and honor; but the Roman Archbishop of Boston may well reflect that when an ecclesiastical hierarchy aims at the disturbance of political, or social, or educative institutions, it forfeits the confidence of those who have established them.

THE FANCY AND THE FACT.

A late number of the *Harvard Lampoon* has an amusing illustration of "Fancy" and "Fact" in regard to the "annexed maiden," or the young woman who is pursuing the college studies under the system recently adopted. The verses which accompany the illustration are supposed to be written by a student of the superior sex, who fancies that the scholar of "the annex" must be a typical "strong-minded" maiden, spectacled, angular, severe, awkward, unfeminine, and ludicrous, as in the first illustration. To his amazement and confusion she proves to be a gay and graceful and winning maid, as in the second:

> "The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

And the silly wight regretfully muses:

> 'I really couldn't keep it, could I now?
> I wonder if I did act like a cad.
> One comfort anyway: I didn't bow—
> I wish I had!"

It is droll to see how in this matter of co-education the fact corrects the fancy. Dr. Lardner proved conclusively that steamers could not cross the ocean, and his argument and the steamer crossed together. While the learned pundits on all sides are proving that a thing can not be done, it is accomplished. There are fifty young women among the students at the Cornell University, and at the University of Michigan there are one hundred and thirty-four. Even Harvard receives them in an "annex," and a little further emancipation from the monkish traditions of all universities will effectually dispose of the remains of the prejudice.

President Angell, of the Michigan University, under whom it has attained its great eminence, which in point of sound and accepted progressive action is almost that of leadership among American universities, says, quietly and with evident amusement: "After our nine years' experience in co-education, we have become so accustomed to see women take up any kind of university work, carry it on successfully, graduate in good health, cause no embarrassment in the administration of the institution, and awaken no especial solicitude in the minds of their friends or of their teachers, that many of the theoretical discussions of co-education, by those who have had no opportunity to examine it carefully, read strangely to us here on the ground. It is a cause of sincere congratulation that both in this country and Europe the opportunities for women to obtain as extended an education as men are rapidly multiplying."

VIVIAN GREY AT GUILDHALL.

It is impossible to turn over the stinging series of Disraeli cartoons from *Punch* without feeling that the theatrical character which they all attribute to Lord Beaconsfield still continues. He is fond of sensations, and it will remain always a singular fact in English history that a man so showy and un-English should have been so long an idolized chief of the party which likes to call itself distinctively British. The accounts of Lord Beaconsfield's recent appearance at Guildhall show him in a very characteristic light. Mr. Jennings, the correspondent of the *World*, says that he always makes arrangements for a "good entrance," and so did not arrive until all the other guests had assembled, and a large crowd was also awaiting him outside, which cheered him as he stepped out of his brougham. He moved unmoved through the throng of guests, and bowed solemnly to the Lady Mayoress.

To enjoy the scene fully, the reader must recall *Vivian Grey* and the *Young Duke* and *Coningsby*. At dinner he was stared at like a being from another world, and as usual he ate nothing. When he rose to speak, the whole company arose with him, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. He waited, unnoticing, until there was silence, and then proceeded with his address. Everybody had expected a great and significant speech. Mr. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, says that some kind of intimation of the drift of the speech is usually given to the press, so that they can foreshadow it in their leading articles. On the morning of the day, therefore, they had significantly anticipated what the Prime Minister would probably say. But he said nothing of the kind supposed. He made a brief speech of veiled and guarded generalities.

> "The Sphinx is drowsy,
> Her wings are furled,"

or it was more Sphinx-like than ever, to meet immense expectation with baffling vagueness.

The papers next morning were angry. But nothing is more comical than indignation with the skill of an actor. The comments doubtless gave a relish to Vivian Grey's late breakfast. Certainly nobody will deny that at seventy-four Lord Beaconsfield plays his part with all the spirit of twenty-five. But with equal certainty John Bull will sooner or later ask whether the most consummate light comedian is not out of place in Downing Street.

MR. DELANE AND THE LONDON "TIMES."

Those who recall Mr. Delane, the ex-editor of the London *Times*, who recently died, remember a solid, active Englishman, who was in this country more than twenty years ago, and who studied very carefully American business methods and life. For thirty-six years he was editor-in-chief of the London *Times*, and it was during his editorship that the paper rose to its greatest power. His influence upon public affairs, however, was exercised in a very different way from that of the more famous American editors. With the latter it was their personality which prevailed, but Mr. Delane's editorship of the London *Times* was absolutely impersonal. During the editorial careers of Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond and Mr. Bryant, and, in the days when the *Herald* was founded, of Mr. Bennett, it was their individual opinion and weight, not that of the *Tribune*, or the *Times*, or the *Post*, which was important. Twenty-three and twenty-four years ago it was a constant source of trouble to Mr. Greeley that he was the *Tribune*, because he thought that the value of the property would depend too much upon the life of one man.

This difference between the press of England and the United States still continues, although in a more modified form. The opinions of certain great papers are still regarded as the individual opinion of known editors. But Mr. Delane, who, in the English sense, was the greatest editor of his time, seldom wrote an article. His personal views were never known nor quoted. If a journal had referred to Mr. Delane instead of the *Times*, it would have been not only a gross impertinence, but the allusion would have been unmeaning to the mass of readers, who knew the *Times* as they knew their Catechism, but to whom Mr. Delane was totally unknown. He maintained intimate but independent relations with public men, he watched the movement of public opinion with great skill, and he selected his writers with singular sagacity. The *Times*, therefore, every morning was the average mind of England thinking aloud upon current topics. The paper did not lead opinion, it expressed it, and its success lay in the accuracy with which the editor apprehended that opinion.

Every night for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Delane went to the office and revised the whole issue of the next day. It had, therefore, the impress of one mind, and the unity and consistency which can spring alone from individual supervision and responsibility. It is a sound saying of "newspaper men" that a paper can not be edited in the business office. No man is fit for the editorial chair who can not be absolutely trusted, and when mutual confidence goes, the editor should retire. This was the case with Mr. Delane. When the prosperity of the *Times* somewhat declined, he withdrew upon a pension. The *Times* will never recover its great supremacy—a supremacy only possible in a highly centralized country. But with the prime of its power the name of Mr. Delane will be always associated.

THE AUDIPHONE.

There are inventions which are wonderful, and which fill us with admiration, and there are others which bring an immediate blessing to the afflicted, and seem to be gains for humanity. All inventions, in a certain sense, seem to work miracles; but what tenderer or more beneficent miracle can there be than making the blind to see, and the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak? There has been nothing more interesting in recent announcements than the account of the Audiphone, which was shown to some gentlemen in New York a week or two since by Mr. Richard S. Rhodes, of Chicago. Mr. Rhodes has been deaf for twenty years, and has tried every form of ear-trumpet without avail. But he had observed that when holding his watch between his teeth he heard the ticking distinctly, and it occurred to him that speech could be heard by the same means.

After experimenting for some time, he invented the audiphone, which resembles an ordinary Japanese fan, a square fan, with the corners rounded, and made of vulcanized rubber. The flexible fan part is adjusted in a semi-cylindrical shape by cords held in place by a wedge in the handle. The audiphone is pressed against the eye-teeth. A class of seven deaf-mutes from the Washington Heights Asylum were the subjects of most interesting experiments. One girl, born deaf, had never heard the sound of her own voice. She was given a double audiphone, and endeavored to make a sound. It was some time before she succeeded, and then there came a wailing sound, curiously contrasted in expression with her bright and eager face, and she was full of emotion at the first hearing of her own voice. The mutes were made to hear singing also; but of course all sound is meaningless to them at present.

Classes will be formed at once, and the audiphone will be thoroughly tested. It holds out a promise to the deaf which, by the experiments already made, is so beneficent that the progress and development of its use will be of the greatest general interest.

BROWSING UPON LAURELS.

The question of international copyright excites more and more attention, and has been a chief topic of discussion in all the literary Congresses of the year. The new and interesting fact is that it is now urged by publishers as well as authors, and the old tradition that they are natural enemies is in fair way of being abolished in theory, as it has long been in practice. It was an old witticism of Mr. Evarts, uttered in a letter, if we are not mistaken, to the famous Dickens dinner in Boston in 1843, that it is time that authors who wear laurels upon their brows should also browse upon their laurels. It is not the least of the amenities which mark the later intercourse of publishers and authors that it is the former who strenuously endeavor to enable the latter to enjoy the gain as well as the glory of their laurels.

The scope of the present movement, so far as American publishers are concerned, is admirably described by Mr. Conant in an article published a few months since in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It aims to benefit the English author without injury to the American reader or publisher, and it proposes, in brief, and under carefully detailed conditions, that the foreign author shall be protected like the American, upon the understanding that the book shall be published in this country. It is a practical proposition that does not involve the abstract question of right, which has been decided against the author. The settlement is that the author has but a modified right in a published work, and it is upon that principle that the copyright laws of all countries are founded, although the *Times* recently stated that in Mexico the perpetual right of literary property is guaranteed.

Without raising the question of absolute and perpetual right, every author would gladly welcome the proposed measure as a great gain. Indeed, the leading British authors have already stated this in a paper which is published by Mr. Conant in his rejoinder to the reply to his article in *Macmillan*. The pending proposition is so reasonable that the argument that it does not concede the abstract right is evidently a mere device to divert attention from the real advantage which it secures to the author.

PERSONAL.

The London *World* says that "five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Disraeli was not tolerated at court; both Prince Albert and her Majesty signified to Lord Derby the dissatisfaction with which his lieutenant would be received as minister in attendance." Mr. Disraeli, it will be remembered, was Lord Derby's Chancellor of the Exchequer during his three administrations. In 1868, on Lord Derby's resignation, a change came over the royal mind, for Mr. Disraeli was then appointed Prime Minister of England, and *had to be sent for*. He retained the office only a year. In 1874 he was again appointed Premier, and soon after raised to the peerage. Since then he has been a frequent visitor to the Queen, whose aversion has been quite overcome by finding her minister one of the most agreeable and entertaining men she has ever known.

—General Wilson, of this city, received a few days ago a letter from a friend, who early in November paid a visit to the poet Tennyson, and who thus describes his personal appearance: "His hair is still black, and he looks strong and healthy, only is a little slower in his motions than formerly." The drive up of three miles from the Hazelmere Station is through a beautiful country of gorse and heather and bowery lanes. The house is eight hundred feet above the sea, the highest inhabited house in the south of England, with a magnificent view from his study window. He has just written a poem of five stanzas as an introduction to the new edition of his late brother Charles's sonnets, which will contain sixty new sonnets. Tennyson himself prefers the irregular sonnet to the strict Italian. Mary Howitt, instead of wintering at Rome this year, has gone from her usual Tyrolean summer quarters to Meran, where her friend Miss Foley, the American sculptress, who lived with them, and was her daughter's other self—the sister of her soul—died, and lies buried.

—Mr. George H. Boker is announced as a candidate to succeed Mr. Wallace in the United States Senate. Mr. Wallace's term expires March 4, 1881. Mr. Boker's fame is chiefly literary. In 1847 he published a volume entitled *The Lesson of Life, and Other Poems*, followed, in 1849, by *Calaynos*, a tragedy, which was played with success in this country and in England. Among his other productions are *Anne Boleyn*, a tragedy, *Leonore de Guzman*, and his *War Lyrics*, which were greatly admired. He was appointed by General Grant minister to Russia, where he was quite popular. Our ministers never remain a great while at St. Petersburg. Weather too cold. Language awful.

—In Mr. Jennings's last letter from London to the New York *World* a pleasant sketch is furnished of the annual dinner given by Mr. Murray, the publisher, to the book trade, at which new and forth-coming works are offered. The principal offered at this last sale was the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, of which 3000 copies were taken. Mr. Mudie, the circulating library man, took 750 copies. Mr. Jennings says that "the biography has been most carefully prepared by one of his intimate friends." "Dr. Wilberforce," Mr. Jennings remarks, "was considered the greatest diocesan bishop that England ever had; that is, the ablest director and manager of a diocese."

—The London *Times* speaks in very complimentary terms of Mr. James Payn's new collection of stories, entitled *High Spirits*, recently published in this country by the Harpers. It says: "Nothing can be in greater contrast than the very lively stories which Mr. Payn has grouped together under the title of *High Spirits*. As the name implies, they are brimming over with fun, which is always farcical and often extravagant. Mr. Payn lays hold of a ludicrous idea, working it rapidly up to a laughable climax, nor can anybody who dips into the volumes complain of lack of variety.... Mr. Payn's high spirits can hardly fail to prove infectious, unless, indeed, his readers are hopelessly depressed."

—The last report about Canon Farrar is that he will soon be appointed dean of Worcester, salary $6000 a year, and a handsome residence. His present salary as a canon of Westminster Abbey is $5000. A dean, however, is a step higher in the ecclesiastical and social rank of England. Canons generally accept deaneries.

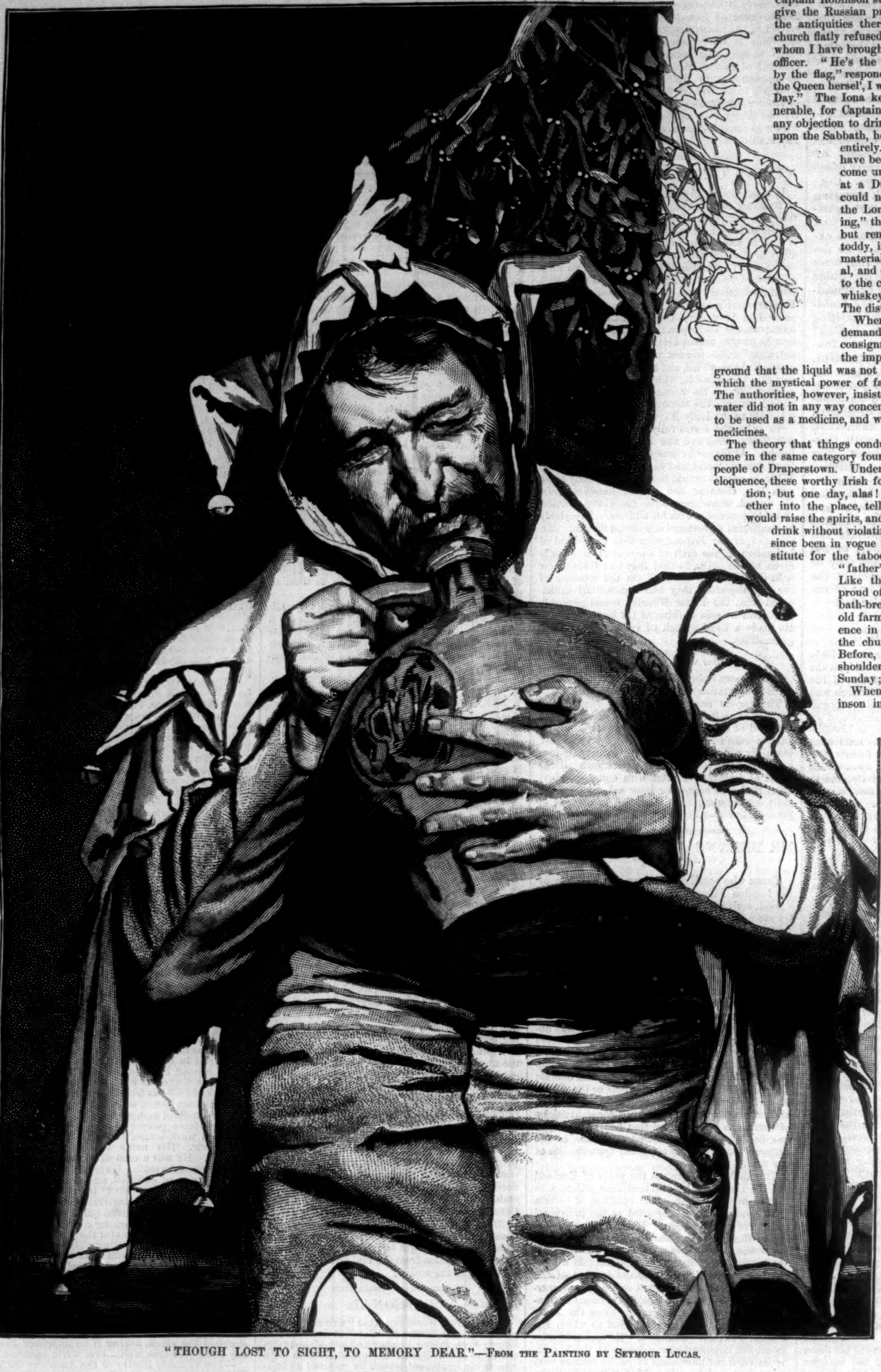
—Émile de Girardin, whose recent banquet in Paris to Mr. Gladstone was attended by the leading male and female celebrities of Paris, writes of him: "The English statesman well represents the leader of the opposition. Of a type more American than English, what first strikes attention and retains it are his eyes, wonderful for fire and depth. They seem to see further and better than others. They light up, and they pierce. It would be difficult to deceive him while looking at them."

—Mr. Darwin, from whose interesting journal of a voyage around the world the children's book entitled *What Mr. Darwin Saw*, recently published by the Harpers, was compiled, writes as follows to the author: "I am much obliged for your kind present of the beautifully illustrated volume of the *Voyage of the Beagle*, which I consider no small honor."

—Ex-Governor Baldwin, just appointed United States Senator to succeed the late Senator Chandler, of Michigan, is a native of Coventry, Rhode Island, and sixty-five years old. He was left an orphan when quite young. He received a good education. For eight years before attaining his majority he was a mercantile clerk in Pawtucket, and then for several years he was in business for himself in Woonsocket. He went to Detroit in 1838, and afterward was president of the Second National Bank of that city. He was twice elected as State Senator, and twice—in 1869 and 1870—as Governor. His early education has been much enlarged by foreign travel and the study of men and books.

—A notable pauper died a few days ago in Charlton work-house, England, at the age of sixty-four. His name was Charles Cartwright. He was a man of education, and had once possessed wealth. He had run through two fortunes, one of $200,000, and one of $400,000, spending the money chiefly in ostentatious living, and when utterly destitute had gone to the work-house, where he lived quietly and contentedly for many years, earning a few luxuries for himself by writing poems for the country papers, and sermons for neighboring clergymen. Occasionally his friends would take him away, and grant him an allowance; but their efforts were always useless, as he instantly resumed his old habits, frequented the dearest restaurants, smoked the most expensive cigars, and drove about in cabs. At last he died, in the work-house, having never, the clerk thought, been unhappy, though the chairman on that point snubbed the clerk, asking if he supposed that any contented man would ever write sermons.

—The valuable library of the American Bible Union, of which the Rev. Dr. Conant, of Brooklyn, has recently made an excellent catalogue, is in danger of being sold and scattered under foreclosure of a mortgage unless something is speedily done to save it. The New York *Tribune*, referring to the subject editorially, says: "The dispersion of a really valuable collection of books, made to facilitate special studies, is a misfortune to the world, and the Bible Union Library is strong in rare and excellent works absolutely necessary to the critical study of the Holy Scriptures." Mr. Beecher, in the *Christian Union*, suggests that the Baptist churches of New York and Brooklyn ought to make an effort to keep together this remarkable collection; or, if the Baptists do not rescue the books from the auctioneer, that the benefactors of Princeton College might be induced to secure it for that institution. So it be preserved, it matters less where it goes, or by whom it is rescued.



"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."—From the Painting by Seymour Lucas.

SOME NICE DISTINCTIONS.

There are plenty of casuists who are at all times ready to satisfy the inclination without wounding the conscience. The distinctions which they draw are so ingeniously fine as at times to be all but imperceptible.

For instance, an old Highlander, reproached by his pastor for absenting himself from church one Sabbath morning, denied the charge, repeating the denial so emphatically that the puzzled minister asked him if he would offer his oath that he was there that morning. "To be sure," was the unabashed one's answer, and the minister said no more. A friend of the false-speaking Highlander told him it was awful to hear him offer his oath to such a lie. "Hoot, toot, man," quoth Donald; "isn't there a great difference between offering a thing and giving it?"

It is ofttimes convenient to be able to discern such differences. When a party of Paisley weavers, anxious to cross the Clyde from Greenock to Dunoon one Sunday morning, desired the captain of a Rothesay steamer to take their boat in tow, as they did not care to profane the day by using their oars, the captain wanted to know where was the difference between employing their oars and employing the steamer's paddles. "The difference!" exclaimed the spokesman of the conscientious crew; "there's a great difference between rowing by the power o' man, who must answer for what he does, an' a wheel-turning engine; a steam-engine is not a moral being, an' is therefore not an accountable agent." A specious argument certainly, but one much more easy to answer than that advanced by a farm-servant, willing enough to milk her master's cows on the Sabbath, but firm in refusing to feed them on that day. Drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are and are not works of necessity, the shrewd lass said, "The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves."

When Captain Robinson was surveying the west coast of Scotland, the Grand-Duke Constantine came on board his ship for a few days. Anxious to show his royal guest as much as lay in his power, Captain Robinson steamed over to Iona one Sunday, to give the Russian prince an opportunity of examining the antiquities there. The custodian of the ancient church flatly refused to open its doors. "Do you know whom I have brought with me?" inquired the disgusted officer. "He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the Queen hersel', I wadna gie up the keys on the Lord's Day." The Iona keeper, however, was yet not invulnerable, for Captain Robinson asking him if he had any objection to drinking a glass of whiskey with him upon the Sabbath, he replied, "That's a different thing entirely." The Count —— seems also to have been aware whiskey-imbibing did not come under the taboo. When the waiter at a Dumbarton hotel informed him he could not be supplied with hot water on the Lord's Day "for sic a thing as shaving," the count did not press the demand, but remarked that he would take some toddy, if the waiter would bring him the materials. Here was a reasonable proposal, and one that at once commended itself to the conscientious waiter, who drank the whiskey, but left the hot water to the count. The distinction was a fine one.

When the custom-house officials at Basle demanded the payment of duty on the first consignment there of some eau de Lourdes, the importers resisted the demand on the ground that the liquid was not a medicament, but merely water, to which the mystical power of faith alone gave medical properties. The authorities, however, insisted that the intrinsic worth of the water did not in any way concern them; it was sent to Switzerland to be used as a medicine, and was therefore liable to duty as other medicines.

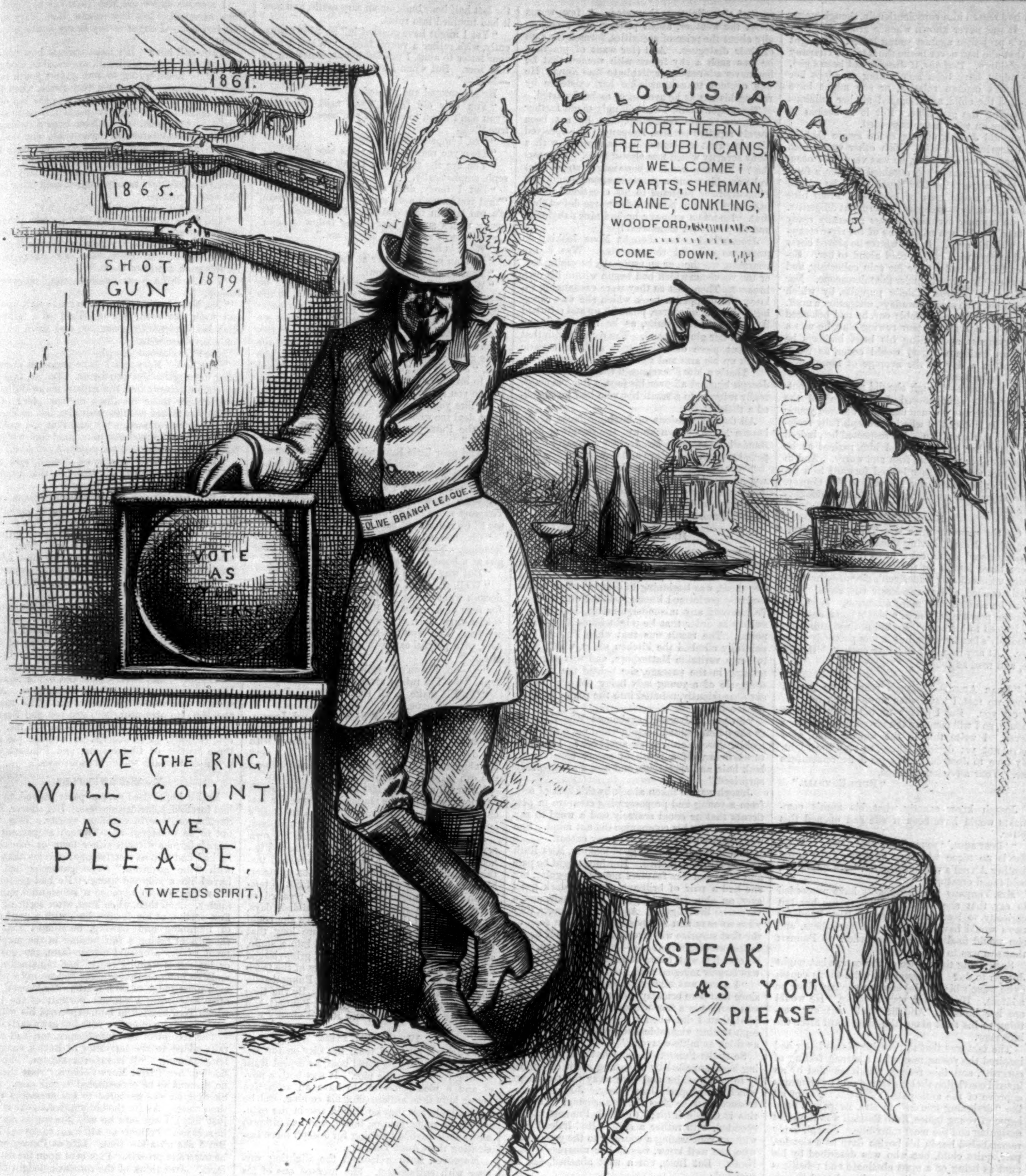
The theory that things conducive to the same end necessarily come in the same category found no acceptance among the good people of Draperstown. Under the influence of Father Mathew's eloquence, these worthy Irish folks renounced their favorite potation; but one day, alas! somebody introduced a bottle of ether into the place, telling them that a mere thimbleful would raise the spirits, and that they might indulge in the new drink without violating the pledge; and ether has ever since been in vogue there as a cheap and efficient substitute for the tabooed "cratur." The once popular "father" had only scotched the snake. Like the down East minister who felt proud of having converted a notorious Sabbath-breaker, until, happening to ask an old farmer if he did not find a great difference in his neighbor since he had joined the church, the latter replied: "Oh yes. Before, he used to carry his axe on his shoulder when he went fence-mending on Sunday; now he carries it under his coat."

When John Dalton was a lad, Elihu Robinson invited him to join a young man named Alderson in studying at his house of an evening. A dispute arising between the two students as to the working out of a difficult problem, Alderson clinched his argument by offering to bet Dalton sixpence he was right. Objecting to betting, Mr. Robinson vetoed the proposition, but suggested that whichever proved to be in the wrong should find candles for both during the winter season, although where the difference lay, save that the stake involved was larger, we fail to see.

One of Brougham's earliest appearances as an advocate was in behalf of a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive, but Brougham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which he argued were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. Lord Eskgrove, knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon, so without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once overruled the objection, saying: "I am of opinion that 'boot' is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot. The distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon." A more serious contention was raised in the Court of Chancery not many years since. A testator left property the disposition of which was affected by the death of "either" of two persons. One learned counsel strenuously insisted that the word "either" meant both, and quoted Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, Richardson, Webster, and the Scriptures in support of his view. The court held that though the word might sometimes be used in that sense, its proper meaning was one of two, as in Macheath's well-known affirmation:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

Common-sense, however, does not always regulate legal decisions. A Neapolitan tax collector, proved to have appropriated the public moneys to his own private use, was acquitted on the ground that being one of the public, he was part owner of the money, and could not steal what was his own. The son of a wealthy German, outrunning his allowance, obtained a loan from a banker. On his way home a thief lightened him of his pocket-book containing the borrowed notes. When the banker demanded repayment, the debtor laughed at him, and he was compelled to take legal proceedings before the Imperial Tribunal of Commerce, to have the pleasure of hearing that court decide he had no grounds for the action, no loan contracted by a minor being recoverable unless he derived actual benefit from the money, which, thanks to the thief's intervention, the borrower in this case had not done.



WAVING "THE OLIVE BRANCH," OR WEARING OF THE TWEED.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

BY ARTHUR LOCKER.

I.—SHE DEPARTS.

MRS. TIMPANY very seldom left her home, and perhaps that was the reason why, when she did go, the event caused a tremendous stir in her small and usually methodical household. That exemplary young man, Mr. Joseph Jackley, Mrs. Timpany's nephew, had already gone to his office. It was well for his peace of mind that he had done so, for he was not fond of noise, and on this particular morning the noise and bustle were quite phenomenal. Mrs. Timpany was perpetually issuing from her bed-chamber on the first-floor landing, and addressing stentorian inquiries either to the attic or the basement, such as, "Jane, a pair of my stockings are missing; look in the washing basket." Or, "Punnett, you must come up at once; I can't get this box to lock." Poor Punnett, who had grown not only gray, but corpulent, in her mistress's service, spent the morning in racing up and down stairs. The cabman—he was a confidential cabman—was already at the door. He had been ordered to come half an hour before it was absolutely necessary to start, Mrs. Timpany being nervous about catching trains, and he had already been thrice adjured by that lady from the first-floor window to declare upon his honor and conscience that he was convinced the black bandbox would not tumble off the roof.

Finally, Mrs. Timpany, standing in the passage, the natural proportions of her figure being completely disguised by the number of hand-bags, shawls, wraps, parcels, and umbrellas which she had contrived to hang about her person—arrayed, as it were, in the full panoply of travel—addressed a most elaborate harangue to Punnett, telling her precisely what she was to do and what she was not to do during her mistress's absence. Exact instructions were given regarding the taking up of the stair carpet, the cooking of the steak for Mr. Joseph's dinner, and the line of conduct to be pursued toward an enterprising young man who would persist in requesting subscriptions to an illustrated periodical, and leaving copies of the same on approval. From the copiousness of her instructions, coupled with the emphasis of delivery by which they were distinguished, it might have been supposed that Mrs. Timpany was proceeding on a private voyage of discovery to New Guinea or the north pole. In actual fact she was going from her house at Chelsea to a village on the Great Western Railway, not far from Reading, on a three weeks' visit to her old and very particular friend Mrs. Copsey.

Mrs. Timpany's last words to Punnett, before bidding her an affectionate farewell, were, "And be sure, Punnett, to tell Mr. Joseph to open the landlady's letter, if she should write for the rent, and ask him to remind her that there are three slates off the roof." Innocent as these words may appear, they were fraught with remarkable consequences, for they were the cause of a revolutionary movement in the Timpany household, as the reader will presently discover.

Let us now turn to Mr. Joseph Jackley. The most salient feature in that young gentleman's character was his ignorance of the fair sex. We all know the typical Seminary for Young Ladies (existing more often in fiction than in fact), presided over by a she-dragon of propriety, where the butcher-boy and the milkman are parleyed with through a grated door, where the gardener is ancient and decrepit, and where no male creature under fifty years of age is suffered to enter. Well, in the Timpany household these conditions were, as regards the sexes, exactly reversed. Poor Joseph was suffered to know nothing of the fair sex, until it had ceased to be fair. His aunt laid down no special rules; but, generally speaking, she contrived to exclude from her threshold all married ladies under forty, and all marriageable ladies under the half century. With regard to young ladies generally, she classed them all together as "designing minxes." As for the servants, Punnett, as already described, was fat and elderly, while Jane was verging on forty, and had a red nose.

But why did not Joseph, who was now twenty-six, rebel against this stern discipline? Well, he was under great obligations to his aunt. She was the only mother he could remember. She and her husband (the late lamented Samuel Timpany) had taken him in, a friendless orphan aged four, and had reared him conscientiously, though sternly. It was never known whence arose Mrs. Timpany's prejudice against young ladies. It might be that she had never borne the late Mr. Timpany any children. Perhaps, if Joseph had been a girl, she might have been less willing to adopt her husband's orphan relative, or she might have adopted the child, and changed all her opinions respecting the girl tribe. But it is useless to speculate on what never happened.

Nor did Joseph appear to be aware that he was deprived of a bliss which other young men enjoyed. For one thing, he was very fully occupied. Mr. Timpany had obtained for him a footing in a respectable City house, where he proved himself a model man of business. From nine till six, Saturdays excepted, he wrought diligently. In the summer evenings he was generally ready to take a walk, or a trip in one of the river steamers, with his aunt. In the winter he played chess or draughts with her, or read aloud to her. Besides this, he had a taste for coin collecting, and for examining objects under the microscope. Nor was he, as regards athletic pursuits, by which people set such store nowadays, altogether a muff. He could pull a respectable oar, he had belonged at one time to an amateur rowing club, he was a fair gymnast, and during his brief holidays he and an intimate friend would cover as much ground in a day as the average of non-professional pedestrians.

In her heart—though she did not show it outwardly—his aunt adored Joseph. In all the world there was no such unselfish, devoted young man. It is doubtful whether Joseph fully reciprocated this adoration. He respected her, indeed he loved her, but she bored him, patient as he was, with her perpetual fuss and worry. And in his quiet way he rather looked forward to a period of enjoyment during her visit to Mrs. Copsey. The enjoyment came, but in quite an unlooked-for form.

II.—A LETTER.

On the morning after Mrs. Timpany's departure, when Joseph, having finished his invariable constitutional stroll, came in to breakfast, there were three letters on the table. Two of them, being unmistakably tradesmen's circulars, he carelessly opened, and as carelessly laid aside. The third he studied with more attention. It bore a London post-mark, was in a lady's hand, and was addressed to his aunt. He did not recognize the landlady's handwriting, but it was probably from her. At any rate, he had better open it. He did so, and read as follows:

"DEAR AUNT,—Although years have passed since we met, I have some news which may interest you. But I prefer to tell it by word of mouth, so I will come up to-morrow evening about seven. I write this in the waiting-room, as I have not yet decided where to stay the night. My love to Joseph. I wonder if he remembers me. Your affectionate niece,

"RUTH RANDALL."

Joseph knew exactly what his aunt's comments would have been if she had opened this letter.

"'Dear aunt,' 'your affectionate niece,' indeed! She is no niece whatever of mine. She is my brother Alfred's wife's daughter. An impudent, bold-faced creature!"

Mrs. Timpany would probably have proceeded to say that she should decline to see her, but curiosity to learn the nature of Miss Randall's news would have overcome her prejudices, and she would finally have given orders to Punnett that she was to be admitted.

Such being the nature of the case, what ought Joseph to do? He could not write to his cousin (who wasn't his cousin) because she had given no address. He decided very speedily. He would see her himself. And he would not say anything to his aunt about the letter until after the interview.

The fact was that the receipt of this letter had inspired the young man with a strong feeling of curiosity, and this feeling was intensified by an inward conviction that his aunt would by no means approve of the anticipated *tête-à-tête*. For of all the "designing minxes" in Mrs. Timpany's catalogue of young ladies, Ruth Randall was the most designing and the most minx-like. Joseph dimly remembered her in his boyish days as a slender, pale, quiet child, but who was described by his aunt as being of a most obstinate and rebellious character, and he had never since heard her referred to except in disparaging terms. She had not had, Joseph knew, a happy home; she had gone out very young to seek her living as a governess; she had never staid long in her various situations; she had eked out her means on occasion by singing and playing at public concerts, and there were even dark rumors afloat that she had appeared on the provincial stage. Aunt Ann would have been horrified (and Joseph knew it) —her appetite for Mrs. Copsey's tea and muffins would have been completely spoiled—could she have foreseen that her highly respectable nephew was about to converse in the privacy of her own snug parlor with this Bohemian creature.

The perusal of that curt epistle had effected a remarkable change in Mr. Joseph Jackley. A spirit of incipient revolt was rising in his breast, and as he brushed his hat and drew on his gloves before starting for the City, he felt that even if a telegram were to arrive from his aunt forbidding Ruth Randall's admittance, something within him would nevertheless insist on seeing her.

Perhaps it was this volcanic condition of mind that induced him, as he went upon Cadogan Pier, to take more notice than usual of Major Cobbyn and his daughter Nona. The major was always on the pier, if the weather was fine, at that hour, inhaling the aquatic breezes and smoking a lanky Trichinopoly cheroot, and he was almost as invariably accompanied by his youngest daughter Nona. Joseph's acquaintance with the major was of the slightest character. A few words about the weather, about politics, and occasionally about the price of securities, formed the sum of their dialogues. And (for want of practice) he was such a shy fellow with women that he had never addressed a syllable to Miss Nona. He was content to acknowledge her existence by raising his hat as he arrived or as he departed.

The major would have willingly made further advances toward friendship, had he not been sternly repelled by Mrs. Timpany. She received his somewhat exuberant hat salutations with a stony severity which was almost rude. Why was this? The major was acknowledged on all sides to be an officer and a gentleman, nor would Mrs. Timpany have objected to his occasional fits of bad temper. But he had a far worse defect than that. He was a widower, he had nine daughters, and they were all unmarried!

Joseph had never thought Nona looking so pretty as she did this morning. Was it the charming weather, or an especially becoming hat, or the revulsion which had begun within his own breast? Then, just as they were exchanging salutes, she dropped a book which she was carrying. Joseph, of course, picked it up and returned it to her. Accidentally, as he returned it, he touched her gloved hand. The contact with that innocent piece of kid leather sent an electric shock up his arm and right into his heart.

"That's a bite!" exclaimed the major, whereat Joseph blushed all over his face. But the major really referred to a small boy who had just hooked a tittlebat.

All day long visions of feminine faces, of the known Nona Cobbyn and of the imagined Ruth Randall, intercepted Mr. Jackley's usually unimpeded view of his ledger and day-book.

"What a Turk!" the reader may say. "At 8 A.M. he cared nothing for young ladies. Now he is after a pair of them at once!" The fact is, Ruth's letter had, in the military sense of the word, "demoralized" Joseph.

III.—A VISITOR.

It was seven-and-thirty minutes past seven, and Joseph, who imagined that he was reading a newspaper, though his thoughts were straying elsewhere, was beginning to despair, when an artistically performed knock sounded on the door. To prevent any misunderstanding, Joseph rose swiftly in order that he might himself open the portal. The result was that when Punnett had painfully climbed the kitchen stairs, which were to her a veritable Matterhorn, and was standing panting in the passage, she beheld the unusual spectacle of a young lady being politely, not to say obsequiously, ushered into the parlor by Master Joseph.

"So you're Joseph," exclaimed Miss Randall, as she quietly seated herself, "and not half a bad-looking Joseph either—eh, sweet coz? I had pictured to myself a youth of severe aspect, with lank hair, and spectacles, and now I'm agreeably surprised."

Joseph was so taken aback by this sort of talk from a young and prepossessing creature in petticoats that he could scarcely find a word to say in reply. But his companion did not mind. She was prepared to make talk to any extent.

And if not absolutely good-looking, Miss Ruth was decidedly attractive. Her face might be pale and thin, and her features none too regular, but she had a pair of brilliant, eloquent, dark hazel eyes, an abundance of glossy black hair, and a very trim little figure. As for her manners, they were so easy and self-possessed that, as soon as the first surprise was over, Joseph himself began to feel wonderfully at ease—more so, indeed, than he ever felt with his aunt, his affection for whom was largely mingled with awe.

"I never was more took aback in my life, not since that pore bricklayer that fell off the scaffold was carried in a four-wheeler to St. George's Hospital, than I did when I see her and Master Joseph setting alongside each other on the sofer, as thick as inkle-weavers."

So spake Punnett to Jane in the kitchen, having been impelled by a burning spirit of curiosity to go up stairs and take away the tea-things, which was properly Jane's duty. Joseph had introduced her to Miss Randall, saying, "Punnett, this is Cousin Ruth;" to which Punnett had responded, with rather a sniff, "Ho! indeed, Sir," without vouchsafing a courtesy to the young lady, who, she well knew, was in her mistress's black books. But Ruth, not a whit abashed, had responded:

"Dear old Punnett, don't you recollect *me?* I recollect *you* locking me up in the lumber-room for putting the kitten into your bonnet-box."

Yes, as Punnett observed, the young people were really getting as thick as inkle-weavers.

"Do you know, Cousin Joe, though I did want to talk to her, I'm really quite pleased Aunt Ann isn't at home. She's so horribly stiff and starchy with young ladies, especially this young lady" (tapping herself on the bosom), "whom she abominates. And yet I don't know why she should hate me because my poor mother was silly enough to take for her second husband your precious uncle Alfred. He was a true step-father, if ever there was one. He grudged every morsel I ate, so that I was glad to go out as a nursery-governess before I was sixteen. I've tried a good many other kinds of work since then. I've addressed thousands of circulars, I've colored photographs, I've been book-keeper in a hotel, I've sung at concerts, I've (don't tell Aunt Ann) played for six weeks, and got no salary, with Bilker's Royal Dramatic Troupe on the Northern Circuit. But I'll relate all my adventures afterward. I'll tell you now what I came to tell Aunt Ann. Joseph," she said, laying her hand on his coat sleeve—a gesture which he found by no means disagreeable —"Joseph, I'm going to be married!"

"Oh!" exclaimed poor Joseph, as if some one had trodden on his toe. Ruth had done more, she had trodden on his heart. He had been for the last half hour building an airy castle, and now it had tumbled into ruins.

"Yet I might have guessed it," he added, presently, with rather a rueful face. "When I read your letter to aunt, I fancied it was something of that sort. But when I saw you, cousin, I hoped —I—I—"

He stammered and paused.

"You silly old fellow," she said, coaxingly, "you don't mean to say that you hoped it wasn't true?"

"Yes, I hoped it wasn't true."

"Then you really think I am a nice girl?"

"You are the nicest girl I ever saw," said Joseph, emphatically.

"But I fancy, dear cousin," she said, slyly, "that you haven't seen many girls. At any rate, it's too late in this quarter. I'm booked. My young man's such a nice young fellow, Joseph. I wish he was as well off as you are."

"What is he?"

"He's an ostrich-farmer at the Cape."

"That sounds prosperous."

"Well," replied Ruth, slightly hesitating, "he hasn't got any ostriches yet, and he isn't at the Cape at present. He's at Putney. He's come home to ask his father for capital, and then we two turtle-doves are going out to make our fortune. Won't it be jolly? I dare say I shall see some giraffe-hunting." Then, after a pause, she said, "Joe, do you really like me? I don't want you to love me, because that's Tom's department, but do you really like me a great deal?"

"I like you," responded Joseph, gloomily, "a great deal too well for my own peace of mind. I wish the Putney man was—was on his ostrich farm—"

"And poor little Ruth with him," she retorted, briskly. "Yes, wouldn't it be nice? What a good kind Joseph it is! And now I want to ask a great favor. May I stay the night here?"

Joseph started. Visions of an enraged Mrs. Timpany arose before him. "What would aunt say?" he murmured, rather feebly.

"Oh, bother aunt! Besides, she's safe at Reading. You see, Joe, it's so lonely for a poor girl at a hotel or in lodgings."

"But why not go to Putney, to your—"

"Well, there's a difficulty in the way. Tom doesn't want to ask his father too much at once, for fear of a refusal. First, the capital for the ostrich-farm, then afterward he'll mention my existence. You won't refuse Cousin Ruth?" she said, with playful earnestness, and she kissed his cheek.

"N—no, I won't," replied the conquered Joseph, "but I'm rather afraid of Punnett."

"Oh, I'll make it all right with old Punnett when you've gone."

"When I'm gone! Where?" echoed Joseph, astonished.

"Why, you dear creature, to the Midland with the deposit ticket to fetch my things. It's very light luggage; no thundering mountains of trunks; you can bring it all comfortably in a hansom."

Never till within the last few hours had Joseph Jackley understood the magical influence of a fascinating woman. Not many minutes after Ruth's last words he was on his way to the Euston Road.

Nor was Ruth powerless as regarded her own sex. She descended to the kitchen, where Punnett was seated amid a chaos of unwashed tea-things, fairly astounded at the goings-on up stairs. She was doubting whether she ought not to telegraph to her mistress. But Ruth recalled so many forgotten incidents of her childish days, conjuring up all the pleasantest things she could recollect about Punnett, that before long that worthy dame's fat features relaxed into a smile, and later on, to the scandalment of grim-visaged Jane, who had no early reminiscences of the fascinating young lady to fall back upon, Punnett actually burst into a roar of laughter. By the time Joseph returned with the luggage, Punnett had gone over to the enemy, and Ruth's victory was complete.

IV.—ON THE PIER.

As Joseph returned from the City on the following evening by his usual boat, he espied Ruth waiting for him on the pier. It was both a novel and a nice sensation to have an attractive young lady thus anticipating his coming, and he instinctively felt that he should rise in the opinion of the young men on board, who had hitherto never seen anybody waiting for Joseph more fascinating than Aunt Timpany.

Moreover, Ruth welcomed the alighting voyager with enthusiasm. She pressed one of his hands between both her own, and then tucked herself under his arm in such a confiding fashion as to induce one gentleman to observe to another, rather enviously,

"I say, 'Arry, that steady bloke's a-going it at last!"

"Joe," said Ruth, looking up with a sweet smile into the face of her cousin (who wasn't her cousin)—"Joe, who ever do you think I've got up at the house?"

"The Putney man?"

"You mustn't call him the Putney man, you naughty boy. He's Tom; my particular old Tom."

"Well, Tom?"

"Yes, I've got Tom; but I didn't mean him. He's there as a matter of course. No, I meant somebody else; somebody who at this moment is in my bedroom."

"I know," said Joseph, blushing violently; "Nona Cobbyn?"

"What a witch you are, Joe! What on earth made you guess that? But you're not quite right, although, as the children say, you burn."

"I guessed Miss Cobbyn, because—because" (here more blushes) "she is the only young lady in whom I take any interest—at least till I saw you."

"Nice polite boy to put in that," observed Ruth, patting his arm.

"I suppose it's one of the other sisters?"

"Yes, it's Mary."

"I scarcely know the Miss Cobbyns by sight, Nona excepted. But how comes Miss Mary in your bedroom—I ought to say in my aunt's bedroom?"

"You shall hear. It's most curious how people turn up. I was coming in an omnibus along the King's Road, trying to awe a pert youth in doublé eyeglasses by looking very fierce, when I let go of my umbrella, and it fell into the lap of a lady opposite. 'I beg your pardon,' I naturally said, as I regained it. 'I have been watching your face with interest for some time,' she said, with a smile, 'and now I have heard your voice I am certain you are Ruth Randall.' 'And you are Mary Cobbyn.' We were so mutually delighted that we very nearly hugged each other in that useful vehicle."

"Where did you know Miss Cobbyn?"

"Oh, down in the country, during some phase or other of my variegated career. Like me, the Cobbyns have had to turn out and make themselves useful. In their case it's excusable. There's such a host of them."

"I don't think Nona has been out," observed Joseph.

"No, Nona has been kept at home to wait upon and walk out with that old Turk of a father. She's been splendidly broken in, and she'll make you a first-rate wife."

"Me?" exclaimed Joseph.

"Yes, you. Mary and I have arranged everything during the last two hours. Do you fancy, my simple Joseph, that the gallant major did not see through those meetings on the pier? Of course you talked politics with him, but he knew where the real attraction lay, and that you would long ago have spoken out your mind like a man, but for that prejudiced old party, Aunt Ann."

"My dear Ruth!" murmured Joseph, with an air of semi-bewilderment. He felt that events were flying along at express speed.

"You needn't give me a word of explanation, cousin," said Ruth; "it's all as clear as daylight, and I'm certain the major approves. He's a capital fellow, the major, when he's not your father. I had a five minutes' interview with him. He was most polite, and in your name and Aunt Ann's I invited him to supper. And he accepted."

"To supper! The major! What will Punnett say?"

"Punnett? Punnett is like clay in the hands of the potter when this child tackles her. I don't even despair of converting her red-nosed subordinate. But I didn't tell you the best of the news. Of course the major promised to bring Nona. It will be a delightful entertainment. I like suppers, they're so simple and old-fashioned. Dinners are generally stiff and pretentious. And such a comfortable number. Six. The major and Mary to play propriety, and you and Tom to do the billing and cooing with Nona and me. It *will* be jolly. I've ordered in a game pie and three bottles of Champagne, and Punnett has promised to make some cheese-straws."

V.—MORE VISITORS.

Ruth's improvised supper party proved, as she had foretold, a decided success. Her adorer, Tom Skeffington, was in excellent spirits. This was not to be wondered at. Though at present an ostrich-farmer without either farm or ostriches, he had had a most satisfactory interview that day with "the governor." The governor had behaved like a jolly old trump. He had professed his willingness to advance a substantial sum of money. And then, when Tom, after securing the first portion of his desires, had, with a good deal of humming and hawing, mentioned that he thought of taking a fair partner in the management of the aforesaid ostrich-farm, the governor, instead of "riding rusty," had remained quite amiable, and said that at eight-and-twenty a young man must judge of such matters for himself, and after inspecting a cabinet portrait of the lady, which Tom handed to him, expressed his willingness to have an interview with her at an early date.

The receipt of this intelligence, too, had naturally added to the buoyancy of Ruth's sanguine temperament. "It is so fortunate, too," she confided to her friend Mary Cobbyn, "that there is no mamma to be encountered in this case. Mrs. Skeffington was gathered to her ancestors some time since. As for the old gentleman (he is only just fifty), I am sure he will like me as soon as he sees me. Perhaps he will want to cut out Tom. But I sha'n't allow that. Life at Putney would be tame and prosaic. I am bent upon the ostrich-farm. Just think of the romantic delight of going to bed every night and feeling that you are surrounded with lions and elephants and snakes and giraffes and Caffres! The only thing I don't like about it is the plucking the feathers off the poor creatures. Tom says they bleed dreadfully, and that it hurts horribly. But you see people will have ostrich feathers, and we may as well produce them as anybody else. And, Mary dear, the finest plumes our estate produces the first season shall be sent in a tin-lined case to you and Nona."

Major Cobbyn had been for years desirous of crossing Mrs. Timpany's threshold. At last the feat was an accomplished fact. But he was quite unaware that the invitation, though couched in that worthy lady's name, was on her part quite unsolicited. As an officer and a gentleman who was especially devoted to the fair sex (when it did not happen to take the form of daughters), he would have been incapable of entering a lady's domicile uninvited. As matters, however, stood, he too was in high feather. The supper was nicely cooked, the cheese-straws were a triumph of culinary art, the game pie was full of delicious flavor, even the Champagne (which the major, as became an old Indian, styled "Simpkin") was pronounced to be fit for any regimental mess, although it came from the grocer's round the corner. Then the major had a most appreciative audience for his anecdotes. He told his pet snake story, and his pet tiger story, and his story about the *budmash* who intercepted the *ayah* as she was carrying a *chit* across the *nullah*, and which, being plentifully larded with Anglo-Indian phrases, was somewhat unintelligible to some of the company, but was nevertheless received with great applause. Of course Mary and Nona knew all these tales by heart; they had heard them hundreds of times before; but they went off all the better on that account, because the girls knew exactly the right place in which to laugh or express wonderment.

And how about Joseph? Was he in the seventh heaven of delight? In some respects he ought to have been, for he was in a snug corner alongside of Nona, and, in that contagious atmosphere of joviality and merriment, he and Nona had got on, as the vulgar phrase has it, "like a house afire." Indeed, Joseph's house—that is to say, the temple which contained his brain—was veritably afire; it was filled with amorous thoughts, and at length, inspired by a fourth glass of that seductive "Simpkin," Joseph found himself holding Nona's unresisting hand, and pouring forth into a not unwilling ear the tale of his long-pent-up admiration. In fact, he was in the act of formally saying, "Will you be mine?" or words to that effect, when it was announced that the major was about to sing a song.

But before describing the major's ditty, it is but right to mention that there was one person present, or occasionally present, who did not partake in the general hilarity. The exception was Jane, the parlor-maid, who waited at table with the sombre, resigned air which a primitive Christian might have worn if compelled to assist at some boisterous pagan rite. Her thin lips were more than usually drawn down at the corners, while her rubicund nose (a dyspeptic, not a jovial, red nose) glowed in her countenance like the planet Mars in a foggy winter sky.

Joseph, who perhaps ought to have been, but was not altogether, happy, for he could not help remembering the existence of his aunt—Joseph, being uneasy in his mind, from time to time stole furtive glances at Jane. He marked the exceptional moroseness of her countenance, while at the same time he was not rendered more comfortable by the fancy that there was an occasional gleam of malicious triumph in her steely gray eyes.

VI.—SHE RETURNS.

But now Jane had retired from the room, and all eyes were fixed on the major in expectation of his song. He chose that immortal ballad of Thackeray's, the pitiful tale of "Little Billee," and his tormentors, Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jemmy. He sang it with a great deal of "go," Mary accompanying him on the piano-forte, which was rather out of tune, being rarely played upon. He had just reached the stanza,

> "I see Jerusalem and Madagascar,
> And North and South Amerikee;
> And the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
> And Admiral Napier, K.C.B.,"

when suddenly the sound of wheels was heard outside, a vehicle drew up at the door, and a thundering salute was bestowed upon the knocker.

The major, like most entertainers, hated to be interrupted by any external events, and went on singing at the very top of his voice. He did not notice that Joseph had risen to his feet, and was looking remarkably pale; nor did he notice that even the self-possessed Ruth Randall wore an air of embarrassment.

In another moment the parlor door was flung wide open by Jane, who said, in an unnecessarily loud and offensive voice, "Please, 'm, they're all in 'ere, 'm."

And sure enough in stalked Aunt Ann, the Timpany of the Timpanys, girded around, as at the time of her departure, with hand-bags, shawls, wraps, parcels, and umbrellas, while in her hand she waved a telegram.

She cast one searching glance around the apartment, and then said, "brief and stern," like the skipper in the ballad, "Joseph, what does this mean?"

Joseph's lips moved, like the jaws of an expiring trout, but no sound was emitted from them.

The major came to Joseph's rescue. Placing one hand in the bosom of his shirt, and politely inclining his body forward, he said, "Pardon me, madam; my daughters and I are here by your invitation."

"By *my* invitation?" thundered Aunt Ann.

"Yes, madam—conveyed through this young lady," said the major, indicating Ruth.

Mrs. Timpany had not up to this moment recognized her niece (who wasn't her niece). She now wheeled sharply round upon her. "What business have you in this house, Ruth Randall?" she demanded, sternly.

Ruth had by this time recovered her self-possession. "No business at all," she said, coolly. "I came on a visit of pleasure, to invite you to congratulate me on my approaching marriage with this gentleman"—indicating Tom.

"And I think, madam," said Mr. Skeffington, rising with some difficulty (he had had rather more than his fair share of the "Simpkin")—"I think, madam, while you are about it, you may as well congratulate us on the double event in the family—that is to say, myself and Ruth, and your nephew Mr. Jackley and Miss Nona Cobbyn."

"Sir!!!" exclaimed Mrs. Timpany, in a voice which Mrs. Siddons might have envied.

At this juncture the wretched Joseph, urged on by divers kicks and tweaks administered beneath the table by his resolute cousin (who wasn't his cousin), rose to his legs, and, as he spoke, gradually gathered courage. "I—I—it's quite true, Aunt Ann. I *am* engaged to Miss Nona Cobbyn. She's a very nice girl. I'm sure you'll like her. You see, I've been kept in leading-strings too long. Till yesterday I scarcely ever spoke to a young lady, and now it's all come at once. I don't forget all your kindness to me, dear aunt. When you come to know all, you'll forgive us."

"Never!" thundered Mrs. Timpany.

"What, never?" sang Tom Skeffington, in reply. He was lost to all sense of decorum by this time.

"Madam," said the major, "I trust you will excuse these young people. Remember, when the cat's away, the—"

"Leave my house, all of you," was the sole reply.

A veil may be drawn over the remainder of the scene. By degrees Mrs. Timpany recovered her equanimity; and though never forgiving the sacrilegious uses to which her house had been put, and though protesting to the last that Ruth and Nona were a pair of the most designing minxes ever created, she actually consented to be present when the two weddings took place.

A QUADRUPEDAL INVASION.

At uncertain and distant intervals of time many of the northern parts of Europe, such as Lapland, Norway, and Sweden, are subjected to a strange invasion. Hundreds of little dark mouse-like animals sweep over the land, like clouds of locusts changed into quadrupeds, coming from some unknown home, and going no one knows whither. These creatures are the lemmings, and their sudden appearances are so entirely mysterious that the Norwegians look upon them as having been rained from the clouds upon the earth.

Driven onward by some overpowering instinct, these vast hordes travel in a straight line, permitting nothing but a smooth perpendicular wall or rock to turn them from their course. If they should happen to meet with any living being, they immediately attack, knowing no fear, but only urged by undiscriminating rage. Any river or lake they swim without hesitation, and rather seem to enjoy the water than to fear it. If a stack or a corn-rick should stand in their way, they settle the matter by eating their way through it, and will not be turned from their direct course even by fire. The country over which they pass is utterly devastated by them, and it is said that cattle will not touch the grass on which a lemming has trodden.

These migrating hosts are accompanied by clouds of predaceous birds, and by many predaceous quadrupeds, which find a continual feast spread for them as long as the lemmings are on their pilgrimage. While they are crossing the rivers or lakes the fish come in for their share of the banquet, and make great havoc among their columns. It is a very remarkable fact that the reindeer is often seen in chase of the lemmings, and the Norwegians say that the deer is in the habit of eating them. This statement, however, seems to be rather of doubtful character. The termination of these extraordinary migrations is generally in the sea, where the survivors of the much-reduced ranks finally perish. Mr. Lloyd mentions that just before his visit to Wermeland, the lemmings had overrun the whole country. The primary cause of these strange migrations is generally thought to be hunger. It is fortunate for the country that these razzias only occur at rare intervals, a space of some ten or fifteen years generally elapsing between them, as if to fill up the places of those which were drowned or otherwise killed in the preceding migration.

The lemming feeds upon various vegetable substances, such as grass, reeds, and lichens, being often forced to seek the last-named plant beneath the snow, and to make occasional air-shafts to the surface. Even when engaged in their ordinary pursuits, and not excited by the migratorial instinct, they are obstinately savage creatures. Mr. Metcalfe describes them as swarming in the forest, sitting two or three on every stump, and biting the dogs' noses as they came to investigate the character of the irritable little animals. If they happened to be in a pathway, they would not turn aside to permit a passenger to move by them, but boldly disputed the right of way, and uttered defiance in sharp, squeaking barks.

The color of the lemming is dark brownish-black, mixed irregularly with a tawny hue upon the back, and fading into yellowish-white upon the abdomen. Its length is not quite six inches, the tail being only half an inch long.

THE SEVENTH'S GREAT FAIR.

The brilliant house-warming inaugurated by the Seventh Regiment on the occasion of taking possession of the new Armory recalled the days of the great Sanitary Fairs. Something of the same enthusiasm that animated New York when she gathered money in this graceful manner to send help and succor to her soldiers on the field was shown in the effort to collect funds whereby the gallant Seventh might put the finishing touches on its new home, and equip it with all the comforts of regimental life. Several times has this famous regiment removed from inadequate quarters into better, that for the time sufficed, but gradually in turn became too small and inconvenient, as well as too far distant from the homes of the majority of its members. This time the Seventh goes into its new Armory expecting that it will be its abiding-place for all time, and certainly a thousand men could not ask for better quarters.

The new building stands on the block bounded by Fourth and Lexington avenues, Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets. No finer location for an armory could have been selected with reference to the probable centre of population in the future and convenience of access. It is situated in what is probably destined to be the heart of the city. Its upper windows overlook Central Park, and the rear entrance is within a block of the Third Avenue Elevated Railway. The surface railways afford transportation to within a block of the Armory on two sides, from any part of the city. The building, architecturally considered, is imposing and well adapted to its purpose, and when completed is to cost half a million of dollars. It is constructed of red brick faced with granite. The regimental drill-room measures 300 by 200 feet, and has a roof much like that of the Grand Central Dépôt. There are ample accommodations for squad drill-rooms, company quarters, band and drum corps, rifle galleries, armory, gymnasium, officers' rooms, and all the conveniences for a full regiment of a thousand men in war or in peace. All this has been secured at the individual cost of the members and their friends, as the city gave only the land. The finishing touches have yet to be put on, so that the building will not be occupied until January next, when another opening fête may be expected.

The present Fair at the Armory began on Monday, November 17, and closed December 6. The decorations were exceedingly tasteful. Every detail had been so well considered in the beginning that it would have been difficult, when all was complete, to suggest any improvement in the arrangements. In the main drill-room was, of course, the principal display. The general plan included a large rustic or floral stand in the centre; about this were ranged six of the company booths, the other four occupying the corners of the room. Ample space was allowed for promenading.

The arrangement of the booths rendered it necessary for any one desiring to find the head-quarters of a particular company to make a circuit of the room, as, in order to satisfy all the companies, it was found necessary to draw lots for a choice of positions. To describe the gorgeous appearance of these booths, or even a few of the more wonderful articles displayed in them, would be a task of prodigious difficulty. Suffice it to say that the First Company's bazar would not have been much out of place in Tokio, with its display of Japanese silks woven into various forms. The roof of this gaudy pavilion was, however, gayly decked with American flags, and a grand piano of local manufacture was among the articles exposed for sale. The same company had also a bazar for the sale and raffle of children's toys. The booth of the Second Company was particularly warlike. The pillars, supporting a dome over the stall, were surmounted by stacked rifles, and the banners won at different times by its "tug-of-war" team occupied a conspicuous place. The Third Company dealt in heavy wares, among which were a set of bedroom furniture, a lady's jewel-safe, a saddle, whip, and riding harness. A dog-cart and harness, a superb copy of Doré's illustrated Bible, billiard tables, and a paper rowing shell were among the Fourth Company's inducements. One of the prominent features of the Fifth Company's collection was a handsome baby-carriage, to be presented to the parents of a child under one year old who should receive the greatest number of votes. The Sixth Company displayed a large imitation brown-stone mansion, fully furnished, and filled with dolls of all ages and sexes. The Seventh Company exhibited about $25,000 worth of silver-ware, and its members were particularly interested in raffling first-water diamond jewelry at one dollar a chance. A cloth and velvet prayer rug from the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, attracted much attention at the booth of Company H. Besides the handsome, well-trimmed yacht which the Ninth Company displayed as an ornamental feature of the Fair, it had a large number of useful articles with an ornamental exterior. What appeared at a distance to be a stack of drums proved to be a pile of waste-paper baskets, which were close imitations of drums.

One of the most attractive features of the Fair was the Art Gallery. The members of the Art Committee, not satisfied with merely drawing upon the private collections of New York, obtained some choice pictures in Boston and Philadelphia. These paintings were displayed, with a very good disposition of sunlight and gas-light, in the three large rooms on the west side of the third story of the Administration Building. The place of honor in the middle gallery, the centre of the east wall, was given to Cabanel's important work, and one of his best, "The Birth of Venus." In this same room were Church's "Morning in the Tropics," Piloty's "Assassination of Cæsar," Bouguereau's "Fisher-Woman," a fine wood interior by Diaz, a noble head of Joan of Arc by Jacquet, and many other notable examples of modern art. The principal picture in the north gallery was a large Munkacsy, in his earlier manner, "Le Mont de Piété." On the east wall, near it, was Merle's "Grandmother's Story." The north wall was one of the best bits of hanging in the exhibition. The central panel was occupied by a striking cattle-piece by Anton Braith, "The Coming Storm," to the left of which was Mackart's strong "Turkey Seller," and to the right William M. Chase's fine "Ready for the Ride." Places of honor were given in the south gallery to two Lefebvres, totally opposed to each other in sentiment and treatment. Among many other fine paintings to be seen in this room were Adrian Moreau's "Wedding Party," "A Market Scene in Brittany," by Tiffany, and "The Valley of the Saco," by Inness.

At the Lexington Avenue end of the Armory was a restaurant where four hundred guests could be accommodated at one time. A separate dining-room for the Ladies' Committee and a temporary kitchen were arranged in one corner of the room. The library of the regiment was used as a guard-room. In the Field and Staff Officers' Room a grocery was established, where families could purchase supplies for the winter. In the armorer's room was the publication office of the *Knapsack*, the official journal of the Fair. This was a lively sheet, of quite the usual size of illustrated papers, and numbered many well-known names among its contributors. In the Board of Officers' Room, where several hundred people could be accommodated, Mr. Dale, the assistant and successor of Heller, conducted a magical séance every hour, which was free to all. The Non-commissioned Staff Room was given up to canes and umbrellas, not one of which was admitted to the first floor.

Apparently the gallant Seventh had no scruples in regard to lotteries, for there were numerous articles to be raffled for, many of them of such value as to preclude any chance of an individual purchaser. A sight of the diamonds alone that were disposed of by subscription was enough to repay the trouble of making a journey to the Fair. These were located in the Chinese Gateway booth of Company G. Twelve different diamond ornaments, valued at $5000, were included in one subscription. There were 5000 tickets for sale at one dollar each. The principal prize was a diamond necklace valued at $3300. It consisted of thirty-four brilliants of different sizes. The second prize was a bracelet, with a huge diamond butterfly in the centre, valued at $350. The next four prizes were diamond ear-rings, ranging in value from $275 to $150. The other prizes were lace-pins and ear-rings, the least valuable being worth $35. Among the host of articles to be raffled for in other parts of the room were a huge baby-house, valued at $600, a Gordon printing-press, a T-cart from Brown & Pray, and a bust of Napoleon I., by Canova, which was brought to this country by Jerome Bonaparte. One of the most conspicuous objects in the room was a small but beautifully made yacht, donated by Messrs. John English & Co., of Greenpoint. This was raffled for on the ninth day of the Fair, the winner being a lady of Brooklyn. Rather embarrassed than otherwise by her good fortune, she immediately restored the prize to the Ninth Company, to be disposed of as before.

There was one article at the Fair that was exceedingly important, not so much from its size or value as from the influence it is likely to have upon the financial results of the enterprise. This was a punch-bowl, presented by Brooks Brothers, to be awarded to the company presenting the largest aggregate returns at the close of the Fair. It is a splendid piece of artistic workmanship. The bowl stands about eighteen inches high. A medallion on the rim has a view of the new Armory engraved on it with rare skill and delicacy. On either side the handles are capped with the regimental shako. The arms, number, and motto of the regiment appear in other details. At present it is impossible to get at any estimate of the sums received, for each company, owing to the influence of this bowl, refused to give any account of its receipts until the close of the Fair, and then it is rumored that there will be large subscriptions added by individual members, each of whom will do his uttermost toward obtaining the bowl for the company he represents. With a spirit of this kind abroad in the regiment, and taking into consideration the interest displayed in the Fair by the public, it is perfectly safe to prophesy that the Seventh will soon find itself in possession of all the funds necessary to complete and equip the new Armory in a style satisfactory to the most exacting of its members.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

Several young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet" young fellow, seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked, playfully, and with a becoming simper. "Well, Miss ——, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh no," sweetly replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

Nothing disturbs a dinner party more than to have the fat man at the end of the table attempt to push himself back, and in the effort upset the little fellow at the other end of the board, while the folks along the sides find themselves eating from their neighbors' plates.

"I predict," said Caudle, the other day, to his bosom-friend, "a mild winter." "On what grounds?" "My wife and her mother have gone to Europe to stay till spring."

A Boston preacher said, "The little good any of us can do must be done with our hearts thumping against the hearts of our fellow-men." And every young woman in church looked at every other young woman and smiled approvingly.

The young lady who had a poor partner in the waltz changed him for a more skillful one, because, she said, she believed in the better whirled.

"Pa," said a bright boy, the other day, "what is wine made of?" And the foolish man, without thinking, said, "Grapes." The amount of thoughtlessness and ignorance in this world is greater than one would believe.

"What were the worst results of the civil war?" cried an orator. "Widows," shouted Jones, who had married one.

Smith wants to know what good the new French cable is going to be to people who don't understand French.

Snifkins went a-fishing for eels recently. Meeting with very poor success, and getting disgusted with the fish, and also with the lookers-on, who asked him why he didn't spit on the bait, how much he asked a pound for eels, etc., he broke out in the old refrain,

> "Hast thou no feeling,
> To see mean eeling?"

Shouldered his rod, and, with a heavy heart and a light basket, meandered homeward.

"Ma, has sister Floy ever travelled any?" "No, child, no." "Then, when I was a-lyin' under the sofy Sunday night, and Mr. John came in from church and was a-settin' in the big rockin' chair, how came she to say that the nicest land she was ever in was Lapland?"

A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast the other morning, conversed as follows:

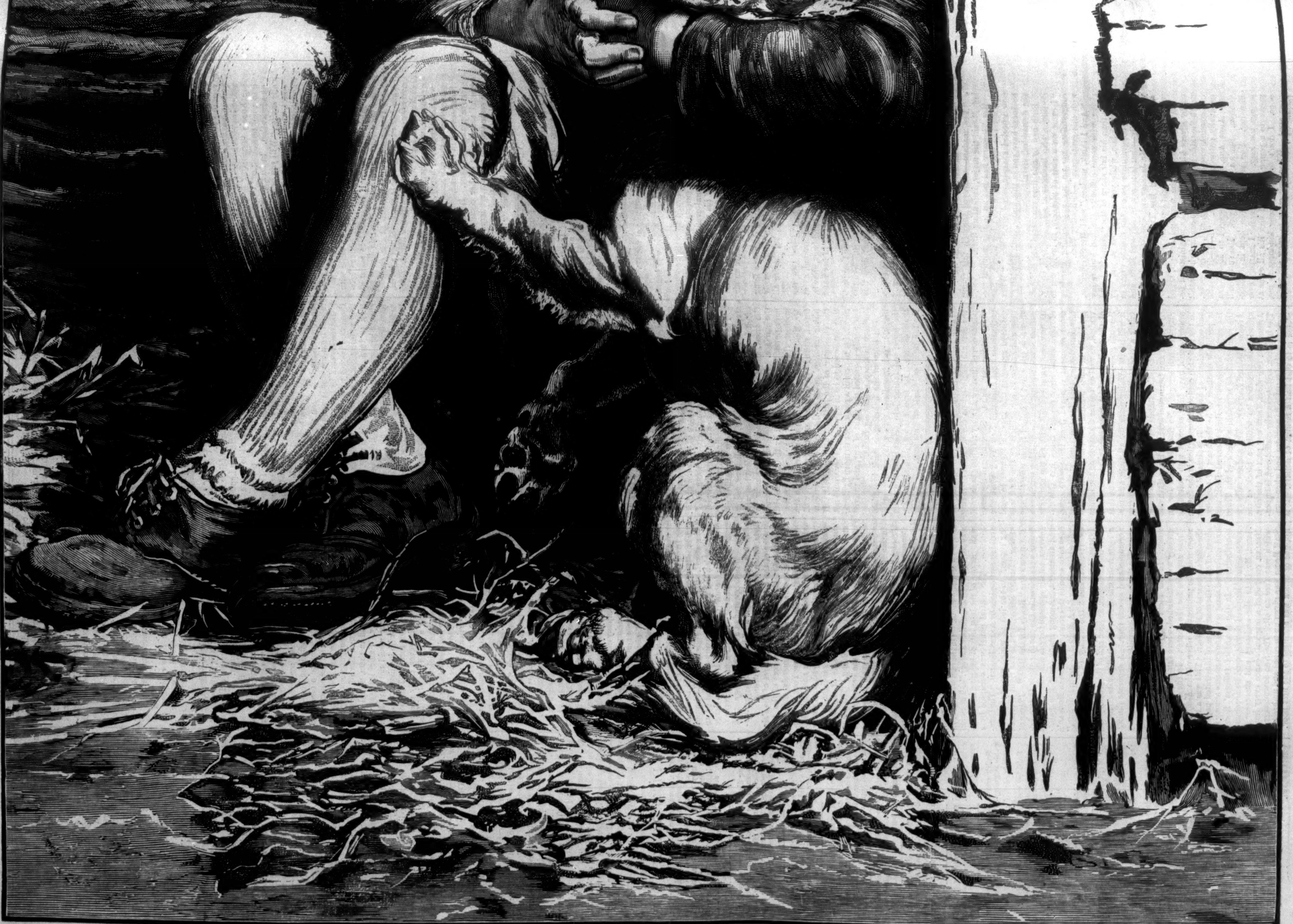
He. "Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?"

She. "No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."

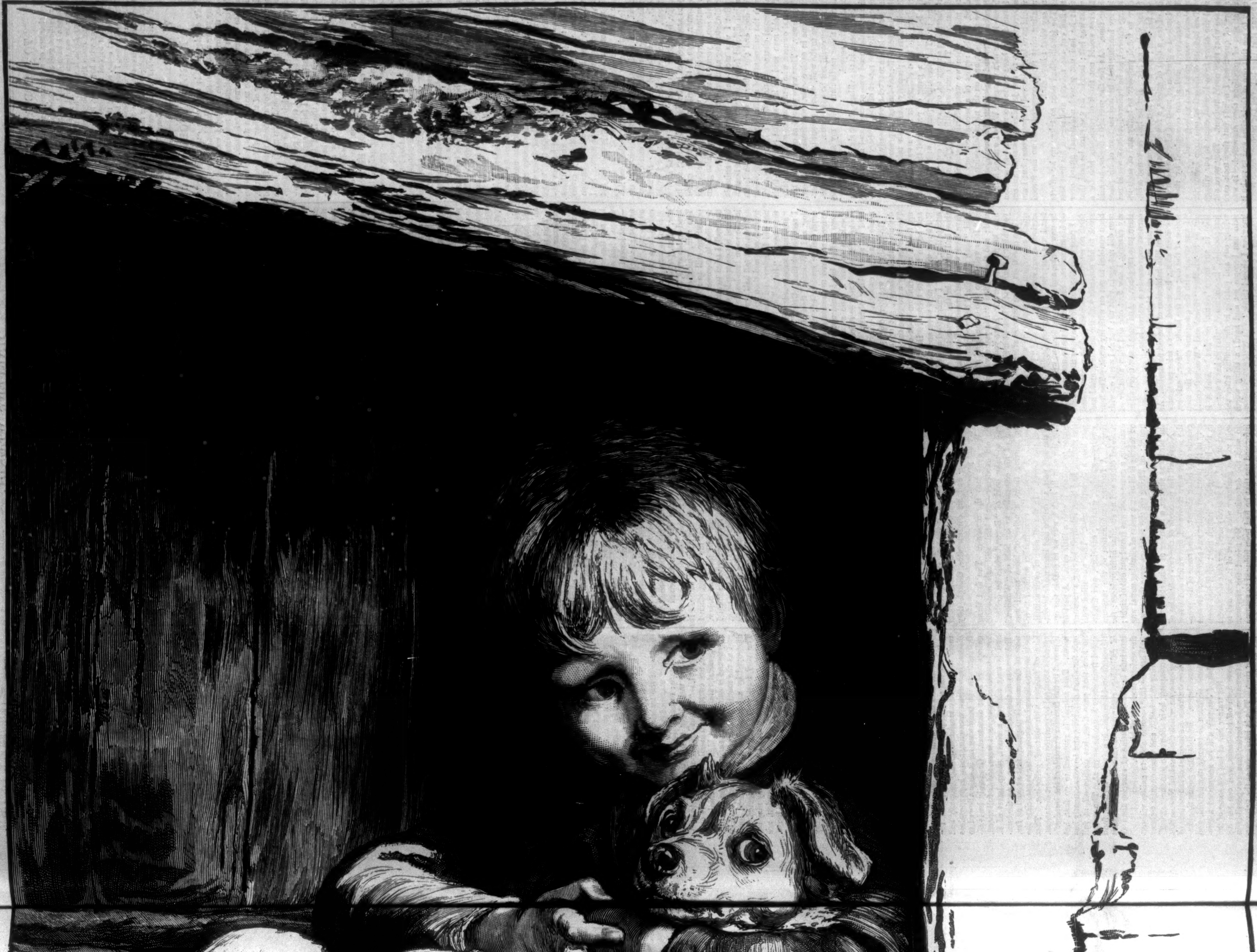
Doctor. "You must give up drinking, or expect to lose your appetite entirely."

Patient. "Farewell, appetite."

"Didn't you splain to me dat if I settled up dat account, you would give me a 'lowance?" said the darky to the merchant. "Yes, I did say so, Sam," said the merchant. "If you are ready to settle your bill now, I will make a good allowance;" and the merchant waited for the colored individual to pull out his pocket-book. "Well, Sir, I hasn't got de money jus' now, but I thought I'd come in an' get de 'lowance; my wife wants a shawl."



"HIDE-AND-SEEK."—FROM A PAINTING BY BRITON RIVIERE, A. R. A.



TO JACOB ABBOT.

Dear charmer of a thousand happy hours,
My earliest guide into those blessed ways
Wherein I have delighted all my days,
Sweeter to me than laggard August showers
To thirsty fields, it was to hear thee tell
Of happy Rollo and of Jonas wise,
And Lucy with her meek, inquiring eyes,
And all that happed to dearest Mary Bell.
Now thou art gone, so long the children's friend!
But, as I muse, I seem at heaven's door
To hear a sound which there I heard before,
When Danish Hans that way did softly wend—
A sound of children making merriest din
Of welcome as the old man enters in.

John W. Chadwick.

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

My employment is that of a carver in stone. Many years ago, soon after I had learned my business, the firm in whose employ I was undertook the erection of a gentleman's mansion, and I was sent to execute the ornamental work. The village near to which the mansion was built was on the shore of an estuary of the bay of Morecambe, not far from a market-town whose name I need not give. As my work would keep me from home several weeks, a good lodging was a most desirable thing; but although I tried to get accommodation in a private house, I failed, and was forced to lodge in the village inn, the Lord Admiral.

Amongst those who were in the habit of frequenting the aforesaid hostelry was a man of singular habits and odd temper. His home was about a mile from the village, on the side of a lane leading to a couple of farms. His house, like himself, was a queer one. Originally it had been built for the storage of corn, the produce of fields at a distance from the farmstead. Somehow it had ceased to be needed for that purpose; so its owner turned it into a dwelling-house, and as such it was now occupied by the aforesaid strange man. It was divided into three apartments on the ground-floor, one of which, a very large one, was set apart and used as a kind of museum, its occupant being a stuffer of birds and small quadrupeds. When he had no work of this sort for other persons, he worked for stock, and this large room was his warehouse.

He was a man of ill temper and loose habits, and for some time had borne a dubious character. When people were asked why he was suspected, they could not give a satisfactory reply. "He lives," they would say, "without doing work equal to his expenditure, which looks bad." As I got to know him, I found that he had an unamiable temper; was morose, sour, and at times passionate. He was also fond of display, given to betting, and, like all such, led a loose, uneven life, oftener loitering about than at work. So I did not wonder that well-meaning people did not like him.

He mostly came on wet nights to the Lord Admiral. As we became acquainted, he invited me to look over his collection of birds and quadrupeds. I was pleased with what I saw. He had, indeed, a good collection, and, as well as I could judge, had done his work well. He had also a good assortment of butterflies and moths; and in a corner, close to the ceiling, had what he called a butterfly breeding-box, which he said belonged to his son, a young man of my own age, also given to bird-stuffing amusements.

But I was most taken up with two animals which differed from the rest. One was a beautiful dog, and the other a *lusus naturæ*—a lamb with the rudiments of a fifth leg, and some other abnormal characteristic which I have forgotten. The old man said he had stuffed both for their original owners, who had somehow failed to take them away. They were placed at one end of the room, one in each corner, away from the window, and close to the wall, where, except in strong daylight, they could not be easily seen. The connection of these particulars with my story will be seen in the sequel.

I had been in the village about six weeks, when the neighborhood was aroused and alarmed one morning by the report of the robbery of a jeweller's shop in the market-town already referred to, that had been effected during the preceding night. Much valuable property had been taken. This robbery had been effected in such a way as led to the belief that a gang of practiced thieves had done it. The prevailing question was, "Do the robbers live among us, or have they come from a distance?" This query was still going from mouth to mouth when we were startled, astounded indeed, by the report of a second robbery of the same premises, and on the night following by the breaking into and purloining of a provision warehouse in our own village. Were I writing fiction, I would not have made the robbers pay so soon a second visit to the jeweller's, as such an act would have been deemed preposterous; but I am relating what really occurred, and so am forced to say what I have said.

The jeweller had been so taken up by efforts to find out the thieves and regain his first loss that he had not placed additional guard over what was left; besides, he was sure, he said, that thieves would not think of revisiting him for a long time. As for the provision dealer, he said in my hearing that he had no fear of his place being entered, as he believed robbers would not care to touch property so bulky and of such inferior value as his. But he had reckoned without his host; for he had lost a fine ham, a large lot of tea, a deal of spices, a few boxes of cigars, and indeed a portion of most of what he dealt in. The excitement and alarm occasioned by these robberies were great and wide-spread.

Two batches of detectives, one from Lancaster and the other from Kendal, came to our village to see what they could find out. They were not short of questions, I mind; but they took care what sort of questions they answered. It was easy to see that one of their aims was to make it appear that they believed the robbers came from a distance, in order to put the thieves off their guard; for their own opinion was the opposite of this.

No event, however serious, can keep hold of people's minds beyond a certain time; and these robberies were beginning to give place to some other subject, when the next act in the drama began to be played. It was on a Friday afternoon, about a month after the robberies. The day was wet and wild; and as my work was the out-door carving of stones which had been placed in position in the rough, I was unable to go on with it, and so had to return to my quarters. I had got my dinner, and had just called for a pint of ale with my pipe, when an elderly ill-dressed man came in, and sitting down on a bench beside me, said, in a broad Lancashire accent, "I'll sup wi' tha lad, if tha doesn't care;" on which he lifted my mug to his lips, and drank freely. I had not got over my surprise when he, wiping his mouth with his hand, gave me a history of the past day or two. The account was this: he had been a gentleman's gardener, near Lancaster, over twenty years; had a capital place, but had not had sense enough to keep it, for he had gone on the loose for a fortnight, which was more than his master would put up with; so he was discharged. "This wor day afore yesterday," he said; "an' I've drank for vary vexation ever sin', trampin' as I drank; an' so here I am, wi' a dry math an' wi'out a 'openny i' my pocket. Doesta think," he concluded, "aw con raise a penny or tippence amang th' company?"

I gave him a trifle; others did the same; so having thus "raised the wind," he called for bread, cheese, and ale, and made a good meal.

During the time the gardener had been talking to me, the landlord had been within hearing. So accosting the old man while he was eating his dinner, he said, "You are a gardener, I understand?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said the landlord, "I've a garden which needs fettling. I have not time to attend to it myself; and as it is time the seed was in, I'll employ you if you are willing. I'll find you plenty to eat and drink; you can have a bed as well; and if you please me, I'll not see you leave without a few shillings in your pocket. What say you?"

"I say agreed," replied the gardener, rising to his feet and grasping the landlord's hand. "I'll not begin to-morn, howiver; but I'll look rand, an' get riddy for Monday morn."

This proposal was satisfactory, wherefore the gardener was made happy.

Shortly afterward we had an addition to our company by the incoming of the old bird-stuffer, whom I shall henceforth call the naturalist (as this designation was the one which pleased him), his son the butterfly-breeder, and two other men whom I had not yet seen. These—the strangers—first looked hard at the company; but the naturalist, giving them a significant nod, which seemed to say, "All's right," they settled down and called for a glass of rum apiece.

By this time the gardener had finished his dinner, when, putting his arms on the table and his head on his arms, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. The rain, which continued to come down, compelled me still to abide under cover; so, placing my chair in a corner, and putting my head against the wall, I tried to get a nap also. The naturalist and his companions were now the only persons in the room besides the gardener and me.

I can not tell half nor quarter of what was said by first one and then another of the four persons; nor did I understand some of the phrases which they used. "Bruce" and "Wonder," "flax" and "stuffing," were words often employed by them. I recollected that "Bruce" was the name of the dog, and "Wonder" that of the lamb, in the museum before spoken of; and the other terms, I judged, referred to the materials with which they were stuffed; but I could not see why they should speak in so low a tone as they did when they spoke of them. Once or twice they referred to a bird by some slang phrase. But after-events made this clear enough.

By-and-by the weather took up, when the men, draining their glasses, got up and went away. The moment they were gone the gardener roused up, took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began to write therein. He then asked me if I knew who the men were, and what was their occupation, and if I understood any of the words they had uttered in the lower tone of voice. I gave him what information I could. "But," I said, "both they and I believed you were asleep."

"It is well to go into dream-land at times," he said; and then added: "Did you say that the old man keeps a museum? Have you seen it? Do you think I could get a look at it?"

The questions were put one after the other in quick succession, as though he were eager and anxious about something. I said "Yes" to each; but I was surprised at the good English in which he now spoke, and at the refinement which marked his manners. Still I could make nothing of it.

I pass over the next few days, as they brought forth no remarkable incident. The gardener had stuck to his contract with the landlord, and I had been enabled to get on with my work. The four men did not again visit us; but as I went on with my carving, I saw first one and then another of them pass my place. And once I saw them all in earnest converse in a retired lane.

After supper one night I took the gardener to the barn-like habitation of the old naturalist. As we went along, he asked me to take particular notice of the dog and the lamb. "For," said he, "I was struck with the questions one of the men put as to whether 'Bruce' and 'Wonder' could take in any more 'cotton' or 'flax.' And it is just possible," he continued, "that he has a way of taking out and putting in the stuffing after the skin has become set and hard: a thing worth knowing, I should think."

When we got to the house the old man came to the door, closing it after him. Being asked if he would allow the gardener to see over his collection of preserved animals, he at first seemed perplexed, and saying, "I'll ask my son," he went in, leaving us outside. Shortly he returned, and said, "It is not convenient to enter the room to-night, as it is being cleaned and the contents re-arranged; but if your friend will come to-morrow night, and come alone, he shall see over it."

We agreed, and came away. I was at a loss to account for the condition imposed; but my companion was set up with the arrangement.

Next night came, and the gardener set off on his errand. I was all impatience for his return. But when he came back he seemed unwilling to relate the result of his adventure, simply saying, "I'm in no humor for talk to-night; I'll relate what I've seen and said to-morrow."

My friend had got on well with his gardening. His potatoes and onions, his turnips and carrots, had been got in; and it was clear that if the next two days should prove fine, he would finish the job on the Saturday night.

On Friday night he came to me in the kitchen, in a corner of which I was reading, and asked me to take a short walk with him. I got up and went. The night was fine, but dark. We walked in the direction of the museum. He asked me if I could keep a secret for a day or two. Replying in the affirmative, he said he had a strong suspicion that the old naturalist or his son was no better than he should be; that he was sure he or they knew more about the late robberies than other folks; and that he believed if he had a few shillings which he could call his own, he could come at the truth, and concluded by asking me to lend him a sovereign for a few days. I agreed, for I had begun to feel an unaccountable curiosity growing within me.

We had not walked far before we met the naturalist's son, apparently by appointment; for my companion told him that I had promised him a loan, and that therefore he would be at his father's house next day and make a purchase. We parted and came home.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon he set off, and in less than an hour he came back, bearing a tolerably sized parcel. Giving me a signal as he passed me, I joined him in the back yard. He said: "I'm on the track of the thieves, I believe. Last night but one, on reaching the house, and while looking over the museum, the old man said that his son was rather short of money, but having exchanged a frame of moths and a few birds for a lot of provisions, if I would buy some of the latter I might sell them at a profit, or they would keep me in eatables for a while, and the sale would relieve his son. I agreed to buy if I could raise the money. Now I am not without cash, but it would not have done to say so; hence I agreed to ask you for a loan. Well, I've got a lot of things to-day dirt cheap, which I really believe belong to one of the late robberies. I go hence to-morrow on the sly, but on Monday you may look for my return." Giving me a playful dig in the side, he left me. His absence during the night and the day after surprised the landlord, but I said nothing.

I was all impatience until Monday came. It came at last. I was busy at my carving, when I heard a well-known voice hail me from below. On looking down from my stage, whom should I see in the road beneath, smiling all the face over, but my old friend the gardener in a policeman's uniform! The truth flashed through me in a moment. I went down. Grasping my hand, he said, "The secret's out, you see! Come along with me and see the upshot."

I was about to witness a *dénouement* I had not looked for. Up the road were a couple of policemen. My old companion was the chief, being a sergeant of police. He led the way to the museum, and was first to enter.

"Good-morning, old friend," he said, on encountering the naturalist. "I've come to take away a few more parcels of your cheap provisions."

I saw that the old gardener was detected in the speaker, and that the game was seen to be up. The old man's son rushed to the door and scrambled off, only, however, to fall into the clutches of one of the officers who were on the watch. The old man was utterly helpless, and almost beside himself. Sinking into his chair, he cried out, "I'm not the thief; the thieves are *there*," pointing to the door, and meaning, I could see, his son and his confederates, though they were not present.

We went into the museum. The first thing the old gardener—as I shall still call him—did was to take hold of "Bruce," while he desired one of his comrades to lay hold of "Wonder." On moving them, a noise of loose metal was heard. A moment's examination sufficed to reveal the secret. In the off side of each animal, in the soft part, an orifice had been made by cutting the skin in such a way as to enable the operator to replace it with a little care. A part of the stuffing had been removed, leaving a vacancy just like a throstle's nest. This was filled with jewelry—watches, guards, ear-rings, and finger-rings. A further examination of the museum revealed other and as singular hiding-places: for example, a game-cock was found put out of sight; on taking hold of it, a noise of clinking metal was heard; on lifting up the feathers over the crop, a small hole was seen, out of which rolled, when the bird was shaken, a number of trinkets.

Nearly all the proceeds of the two robberies of the jeweller were recovered, one watch and a few guards only being absent. And some of the property of the provision dealer was also found stowed in the breeding-box, though most of it had been used or sold. I scarcely need say that the parcel sold to the gardener was a part of it, and had to do with the detection. My friend the sergeant informed me that he had been induced to assume the character which he had so well enacted, entirely on speculation. While making a survey of the neighborhood, a few days before he began to play his part, he had observed the backward state of the landlord's garden; and believing that he would readily catch at a chance of getting it finished off in a cheap way, and being a good hand at gardening, he had hit upon the scheme which had answered so well. He had believed that the robbers were not far from the locality of the public-house, and might come there now and again, and so, could he lodge there without being known or suspected, he might come at all that he desired. And as he had hoped, so did it come to pass.

The naturalist, who, it came out, had long been a receiver of stolen property, and his son, whose first burglaries these were, got each five years' penal servitude; one of the other men—who came from a distant town, and were old hands—was likewise convicted and punished; but the fourth, for some forgotten reason, got off. My friend came in for the good reward offered in this case; and for the part which I had taken in the affair the jeweller gave me a gold pencil-holder, which I treasure as a memento.

TRAINING ENGLISH THOROUGH-BREDS.

When the young Spankaway is sold by the breeder, he is duly handed over to the racing stables in which his purchaser trains, and it is at this stage that the evils of the "making up" process have to be grappled with. The colts sent to the trainer by private breeders are in a natural condition for work, but the fatted prize animals "made up" for sale require a preliminary course before they can be put through their paces. One of the first processes undertaken by the trainer is the getting rid of some fat that his breeder has deposited on young Spankaway's ribs. To that end he begins to break him, and give him gentle exercise. The early processes of breaking may be watched any morning on the Severals, and other convenient spots at Newmarket. The breaker, always a "lad" of uncertain age, but of approved temper and experience, puts saddle and bridle on the shy, skittish young creature, and by the aid of a leading-rein gradually teaches him to trot and canter round in obedience to his bridle, and thus gradually "makes his mouth," as it is called. This is an operation of the greatest delicacy, especially in the first lessons, as it is during this part of a young racer's education that awkward habits are contracted. Perfect patience and kindliness are required from the horse-breaker, who must, above all things, avoid frightening or startling his charge. The slightest accident startles a young thorough-bred. I have seen a stampede among a troop of a dozen of them brought about by a sudden puff of wind. By degrees the timid creatures are brought, by frequent handling and working them with the bridle, to a partially tame condition. When they are comparatively quiet, and their mouths partly made, the best of the training boys is "put up." This is another stage of education which requires the greatest care: to be trusted on the back of a yearling, a boy must have rare patience as well as courage. His "mount" must be coaxed into compliance, not coerced into obedience. This is only the general rule with all high-bred animals. A greyhound is ruined by an early overdose of whip, just as the mouth and temper of a horse may be destroyed by a heavy-handed, ill-tempered lout. The very best boys, therefore, are selected for mounting the youngsters, who, that they may become somewhat accustomed to the burden, are led about for a while before they are turned loose. At last young Spankaway is let go without a lead, but in company with a steady old horse, which he will follow about like a lamb, and thus gradually gain confidence. Half the "tricks," as they are called, of horses arise from their timidity, which is only to be removed by patient, gentle treatment in their youth. With an experienced boy on his back, the yearling, whose nature is kindly and imitative, not only follows the old horse willingly enough, but by degrees learns his paces from him—to walk with that magnificent gait of the thorough-bred, to trot a very little, to canter, and finally to gallop—for a colt requires teaching his paces quite as much as a child, and has less time to learn them in. This may sound oddly in the ears of the uninitiated, but albeit the gallop is the natural pace of the wild horse, the racer is regularly taught to gallop properly and discreetly, without sprawling about in purposeless fashion. In the beginning he is only allowed to gallop very short distances. Gradually he is allowed to feel his way, as it were, to his full speed, and is only allowed a short, sharp burst of it. The reason of this caution is clear. As the business of the racer is to gallop fast as well as far, he is never allowed as a youngster to associate the idea of fatigue with that of galloping. That speed is acquired by practice over short distances, is proved by the familiar example of the butcher's horse. This animal is required to go fast, but only for short distances, and he consequently has no idea that pace tires, but dashes off at full speed from every house he stops at. The young thorough-bred becomes, in a similar fashion, fond of galloping, regarding it rather as a pleasant interlude in the dull routine of exercise than as the serious business of his life.

When he has become able to gallop without floundering very badly, and tame enough to bear young company, he is allowed to join the "string" of young ones, on which the watchful Newmarket "tout" keeps a keen eye in quest of indications of coming excellence. By this time young Spankaway is some eighteen or twenty months old, and on the 1st of January will be accounted a two-year-old. His trainer has at last got some of the superfluous flesh off his bones, and can see his real conformation far better than was possible in the sale ring. This is important as the two-year-old period approaches, for it then becomes part of the trainer's duty to recommend his owner what races to enter his youngsters for. This must be done by the first Tuesday in the new year, the great three-year-old events, of course, excepted—the entries to the Derby, for instance, having closed in the preceding July—a fact which will account for the numerous entries for those great contests. In olden times it was customary to give the youngsters a slight preparation, followed by a smart gallop, just to see what their comparative merits might be; but this fashion has fallen into disuse, the trainer now confiding in his general observations as to the action and make of the youngsters under his charge.

When the two-year-old is entered, and his professional career as a racer in a measure marked out for him, he joins the string of horses in training, and lives a life of the strictest regularity, varied only by occasional medicine and repose. If we wish to make a morning call upon him, we must be afoot betimes. In spring and autumn at sunrise, in winter by candle-light, we cross the neatly gravelled quadrangle, and see the stables already unlocked and alive with busy boys and thoughtful men. The Spankaway colt, like his elders, which have already seen the starter's flag, and heard the wild roar of the ring, gets his breakfast—a light feed of corn enjoyed while the stable is being brought into that fearful and wonderful state of cleanliness, never seen anywhere else except at the professionally clean village of Brock. He is then rubbed down, and prepared generally for his morning's work, but except in extreme cases, such as that of an early trial, for instance, is not taken out till the boys have had their breakfast. When those youths have demolished sufficient bread and butter and tea they mount their horses, all duly clothed, and take them out to exercise. This excursion lasts some three hours, say from seven to ten, or from eight to eleven, according to the season. The horses are by turn walked, cantered, and galloped, always with special reference to their engagements, and their individual health and constitution. It is this difference between horses which makes the pursuit of training them so peculiarly difficult. One horse runs best in his bones, that is, when he carries nothing but hard muscle; another has neither dash nor staying power except when he is "above himself," carrying a fair allowance of flesh. Inward fat is, of course, removed before a horse starts for an important engagement, but many are the better for not being trained too fine. With his three hours' exercise, the horse's own work may be said to be over for the day, for on his return he is thoroughly dressed and watered, and shut up till six in the evening, with nothing but a large feed of corn and some sweet hay to keep him company.

At six the trainer personally inspects them, with the object of ascertaining whether the exercise of the morning has left any unpleasant mark. After five hours' rest, it is easy to detect any signs of strained tendons, flushed heels, or sore shins. When the horses come in from exercise, slight injuries are frequently overlooked, but after the animals have had time to cool, the most trivial damage is perceptible by the practiced eye. Six o'clock, moreover, is the show hour, when young Spankaway and his like are exhibited to the owner and his friends, who have mayhap run down to have a glance at the animals whose thews and sinews will carry so much of their money.

At eight o'clock the horses are finally done up for the night, that is to say, their heads are eased by the loosening of the rack-chain, for race-horses are never left in a loose box like hunters. Their beds are made up for those dainty creatures to sleep, and often snore, upon. At nine o'clock the use of the things like corn bins in the stables of race-horses becomes apparent. They turn down and form beds for the boys, who must sleep with the horses they look after. The animals might get loose or become uneasy in the night, and, moreover, on the eve of a great race, precautions are necessary to prevent their being got at. In the days of Holcroft the boy lay down by the side of his horse, and the dramatist cites it as an instance of animal sagacity, gathered from personal experience, that the animals never lay down upon their companions. This detail has been improved since Holcroft's time, and the boys all sleep comfortably in a bed—that ancient watchfulness promoted by the free use of an ashen stick being now held supererogatory.

Trials are conducted in the early morning or in the afternoon, the ground under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club being for that purpose reserved, except between the hours of eight and twelve, when the Heath is thrown open for exercising the various "strings." Trials justify their title to the trainer as to the horse, for it is on the skill displayed in adjusting weights that the value of a trial depends. In trying a Derby candidate, for instance, with a former Derby winner, the trainer must first see that the latter animal is in "good form," neither too much "above himself" nor "stale" and jaded. Then he must arrive at a conclusion how much weight the old horse ought to give the young one—in fact, assess the weight at which the old one could win the Derby if he were allowed to run in it. This is one of the trainer's most serious duties, for if a horse is not "tried high enough," the patrons of the stable are deluded into investing their money on a second-rate horse; whereas, if he is "tried too high," and beaten in his trial, they are prevented from backing their horse, and have the mortification of seeing him win without winning anything themselves. When a horse is successfully tried, it is almost impossible to keep the matter secret, and frequently no attempt is made to do so, except that the public are not allowed to go on the trying ground.

When young Spankaway has been got ready for his two-year-old engagements he also is tried, and if approved of, figures in those interesting and popular contests. When he has won something, or perhaps earlier, he gets a name bestowed upon him bearing some reference to that of his sire and dam, but especially to the latter. Thus he might be called Babyjumper, or Birchington, or Truant. By degrees he acquires a familiarity with race-courses, and his fate is much in his own hands and those of his trainer. If he prove himself a steed of mettle, he may after his fourth or fifth year retire from the turf to a stud farm and lead a patriarchal life, but if, alas! he prove wanting in high quality, he may become first a hack hunter and then a cab horse, and end his days with a heavy fall on London's cruel stones.

WREN LORE.

The wren, the smallest of English birds, is almost as great a favorite with the "pet"-loving public as the robin-redbreast, and often popularly connected with it. Many of the vulgar actually believe it to be its wife, hence its name in nursery lore of "Jenny Wren," "Kitty Wren," etc.

It is commonly supposed to be unlucky to kill or injure it. In Cornwall the children say,

"Who hurts the robin or the wren,
Will never prosper, sea or land."

Halliwell in his *Popular Rhymes* has the following:

"The robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren,
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again.

"The robin and the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will sure to follow."

A translation of the Welsh couplet may be rendered:

"Whoso doth a wren's nest steal
Shall God's bitter anger feel."

Aristotle and Pliny treat of the reverence in which this little bird was held; it was then believed to be the heavenly messenger that brought fire to the earth, though it disputed this honor with the eagle. According to the *Popular Legends of Normandy*, in performing this kind office its plumage was unfortunately scorched, but the other birds made up this loss, in consideration of the service it had rendered, each of them presenting it with a feather, except the owl, which has ever since been ashamed to show itself in the daytime; or, as some say, the cuckoo is for this reason universally despised. Again, the robin wished to add his feather, but came too near, and was himself scorched.

Notwithstanding these favorable opinions of the bird, in France, Ireland, the Isle of Man, etc., they formerly carried their dislike of it to great extremes, it being the barbarous custom to hunt this innocent songster. For this purpose they procured two sticks, one to beat the bushes, and the other to throw at the bird. Yarrell, in his *British Birds* (vol. ii., p. 178), tells us, "It was the boast of an old man, who lately died at the age of one hundred, that he had hunted the wren for the last eighty years on Christmas-day." Christmas-eve, Christmas-day, St. Stephen's Day, and New-Year's Day were the times when this practice was observed. In Ireland the "wren-boys," as they were designated, decorated themselves with various colored ribbons, and went round with the birds they had killed placed on a holly bush, singing a characteristic song, and soliciting gratuities for the service they had rendered.

This practice was very prevalent in Galway, Cork, Clare, and other parts of Ireland. The aversion to the poor creature is founded on a tradition that during the Irish rebellion a party of Royalists, tired out after a day's skirmishing, sank to rest, and soon the sentinel also succumbed to sleep, when, as the enemy approached them, a wren tapped on his drum three times, which awoke him, and saved a surprise, the rebels being defeated. Different versions of this story are related. Another tradition we read in the *Science Gossip* is that our Saviour, desirous to be concealed, took refuge under a tree; the robin, perceiving this, carried moss and laid it on the tree, making the covering more dense, at which the Lord was so pleased that He put forth His hand and left the red mark on its breast. But the wren came and carried the moss away, and exposed the retreat; hence it is called by them the "devil's bird." In the Isle of Man they hunted it from sunrise to sunset, and placed it on the top of a pole, and when all the money they could get was gathered in, they laid it on a bier, and carried it in a procession to the church-yard. There they made it a grave, and with mock solemnity sang dirges over it in the Manx language, which they called its knell. Afterward they formed themselves into a circle outside the church-yard, and danced to music. Now they sometimes go about with a wren suspended by its legs between two hoops clothed with evergreens, and in exchange for a coin give a feather of the bird; and it is not uncommon by the end of the day to see it quite featherless. The feathers are kept as relics and safeguards against shipwrecks for a year, and sailors take a dead bird to sea with them as a charm against all danger. In Train's *Isle of Man* we see they now bury the bird, not in the church-yard as formerly, but near the sea-shore, singing the following:

"We hunted the wren for robin the bobbin,
We hunted the wren for jack of the can,
We hunted the wren for robin the bobbin,
We hunted the wren for every one."

Their legend is that, in days long gone by, a fairy of uncommon beauty exerted such undue influence over the Manx warriors that she induced many of them to follow her footsteps till she gradually led them into the sea, where they perished. This continued so long that it was feared the island would be depopulated, when a knight-errant sprang up, and finding a means of counteracting the charms of this siren, sought her destruction, which, however, she escaped by assuming the form of a wren. But a spell was cast upon her which compelled her to re-animate the same form every New-Year's Day, with the sentence that she was ultimately to perish by human hands.

Sonnini relates a hunt at Ciotat, near Marseilles: when they had caught the bird they placed it on the middle of a long pole, and carried it as though it was a heavy burden; then they weighed it in a pair of scales, after which they made merry. They call it the polecat, or *père de la bécasse* (father of the woodcock), because its plumage resembles the woodcock, which is supposed to be engendered by the polecat, a great destroyer of birds.

Halliwell mentions another ceremony still observed in Pembrokeshire on Twelfth-Day, where they carry this bird, called *the king*, in a box with glass windows, surmounted by a wheel; or a stable lantern is sometimes substituted, from which they hang various colored ribbons. Men and boys go about with this, singing as they walk.

The wren has been called "king" from time immemorial; and Colonel Vallancey, in the thirteenth number of his *Collectanea de Rebus Hiberniis*, page 97, says that the Druids represented this bird as the king of all others; and that the superstitious respect shown to it gave offense to the first Christian missionaries, and it is still hunted by the peasants on Christmas-day.

That this poor creature should be so generally hunted, and for so many alleged different reasons, does indeed seem strange.

The names for it in all countries seem to coincide in declaring that it is a superior bird; the old Greek names for it are Τροχίλος πρίσβυς and βασιλεὺς; Latin, *Regulus* and *Rex Avium*; French, *Roitelet* (petty king) and *Bérichot* (hedge-king)—rendered in Cotgrave's Dictionary, "the little wrenne, our ladies' henne"; Welsh, *Bren* (king); Teutonic, *König Vogel* (king bird); Dutch, *Konije* (little king) and *Winter-Koninkje* (little winter-king); Italian, *Reatino* (little king) and *re di siepe di macchia* (king of the hedge bush); German, *Zaunkönig* (hedge-king); Swedish, *Fugle-Konge* (fowl-king), *Sparf-Kung* (the alder king), and *Purre Kong* (sparrow-king). In Hone's *Year-Book* we find the following amusing legend concerning the origin of its royal title: "The birds, being determined to elect a king, assembled, and decided that the bird among them which flew the highest should have the preference. Among the candidates which competed were the eagle and the wren, the latter being determined to accomplish the feat by stratagem. To perform this, it got unperceived on to the back of the eagle, which felt not its weight, and flew the highest; it had begun its descent, when the wren seized the favorable opportunity, sprang from its perch and flew higher still, and was unanimously pronounced king, though how it reached its elevation puzzled all." A similar tale is current on the Continent.

"The Babes in the Wood" has given rise to the pretty idea that the wren, with the robin, covers with leaves, flowers, and moss any exposed dead bodies they may find. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Webster (in his tragedy of *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612), allude to this notion. Reed, in his old plays, has the following lines:

"Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

In many places it is thought by the superstitious that to dream of wrens denotes great happiness and content through life.

Shakspeare, with his all-seeing eye, has immortalized the courage of this tiny bird in *Macbeth*:

"The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl;"

and in *Richard III.*, Act I., Scene III.:

"Wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Among the congratulatory messages which have been exchanged over the new French cable are the following:

"*To the President of the United States, Washington:*

"The President of the French Republic inaugurates the new cable which unites France and America by sending the expression of his most cordial sentiments to the President of the Republic of the United States."

President Hayes sent the following reply:

"*To the President of the French Republic, Paris:*

"The President of the United States acknowledges with great satisfaction the agreeable communication by which the President of the French Republic makes known to him the completion and successful operation of the transatlantic cable, and hopes that it may never be the vehicle of any other messages between the governments and people of the two countries than those of friendship and respect."

The *Art Amateur*—a new journal devoted to the cultivation of art in the household—informs its readers, in answer to inquiries, that the original, or rather the remnant of the original, fresco of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" may be seen on the walls of a Dominican convent in Milan. A *copy* of this painting is in possession of the Royal Academy, London. The picture of "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," in the National Gallery, has been attributed to Da Vinci, but there is no evidence that it is his work. There is no authenticated painting by Leonardo da Vinci in the public galleries of England.

Singular, if true, is the following item from the Boston *Journal*: "There are three persons in the Augusta (Maine) jail for debt. One is a well-educated young man, whose father died twenty years ago, leaving an estate worth a million dollars. One is confined by the town of Mount Vernon for non-payment of taxes. The third refuses to pay for a newspaper which he had subscribed for and read."

One of the largest and handsomest structures of the kind in Europe is the new theatre which was recently opened in Geneva. It ranks in beauty and size next to the opera-houses of Paris and Vienna, and is built in much the same style as that of Paris. The cost of this elegant building, including the value of the land upon which it stands, exceeds 5,000,000 francs, and has been defrayed from the proceeds of the legacy of the Duke of Brunswick. It is, of course, the property of the city of Geneva. While every precaution is taken to prevent fires, the amplest facilities for exit are provided, and the theatre can be emptied of its occupants in a few minutes, so numerous are the doors and so spacious are the staircases and corridors. Twenty-eight jets of water at full pressure are always ready to be directed on any point of danger, and by means of iron curtains and doors one part of the house can be immediately cut off from the rest.

A certain Methodist Episcopal church in Massachusetts determined awhile ago to pay its expenses as it went along, and to make everything straight financially at the close of every quarter—a most excellent determination. A few Sundays ago the pastor reported a deficiency of $230, and called for a subscription. There was no response, and the services were brought to a close. Just before pronouncing the benediction the pastor said, "It was decided by this church that we should pay as we go; if there is no pay, there will be no go, and there will be no services in this church to-night." The congregation knew their pastor was in earnest, and they remained in the church until the required sum was raised. The usual evening services were held.

Something very bad must have happened in San José, California, to cause a local newspaper, with the freedom of Western journalism, to explode in the following manner: "We are of the opinion that this community needs regeneration, and that a wide-awake, pulpit-thumping, howling old revivalist could find a year's steady job in snatching brands from the burning and scooping in the sinners right here in San José."

Lima, Peru, has been declared under martial law. All citizens capable of bearing arms are obliged to enroll themselves in the National Guard regiments.

The Chippewa Indians have been very successful in raising sorghum on the reservation in Minnesota. The yield from twenty-five acres upon which the experiment was tried last season was 160 gallons of syrup per acre. The Chippewas are much pleased with the industry, and next year they will plant 200 acres with sorghum. The agent in charge of the White Earth Reservation reports that it will grow and ripen upon any lands capable of producing corn. The Chippewas, about 1000 in number, who were all wild Indians ten years ago, have also this season raised abundant crops of grain and vegetables, and are reported to be happy and contented.

Switzerland is beginning already to feel the influence of returning prosperity in the United States, and the United States consul at Geneva states that the indications of better times are very welcome there. Within the last seven or eight years exports from Switzerland to this country had fallen to a very low point, but during the last year they have decidedly increased. There is now a good market at Geneva for American coal and preserved meats.

What's in a name? The other day a wedding took place in a North Carolina town. The bridegroom was Colonel John Buzzard, the bride, Miss Eleanor Crow, and the Rev. Dr. Robin united the pair.

One of the most remarkable cases of restoration to speech on record is reported from Huntsville, Georgia. A Mrs. Martin had been partially paralyzed for nearly a year, and had lost the power of speech. One day she accidentally struck a loaded revolver lying upon the table in such a way that the ball was discharged into the knee of her paralyzed leg. A severe wound was produced; but, strange to say, the woman began at once to talk, and has been able to do so ever since.

The Patent-office receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30 amounted to $158,405 more than the expenditures for the year. The excess has never been so large as this sum, excepting in 1869, when it was $200,000 above the expenditures.

Earthquakes in Southern Hungary are frequent, and cause great damage.

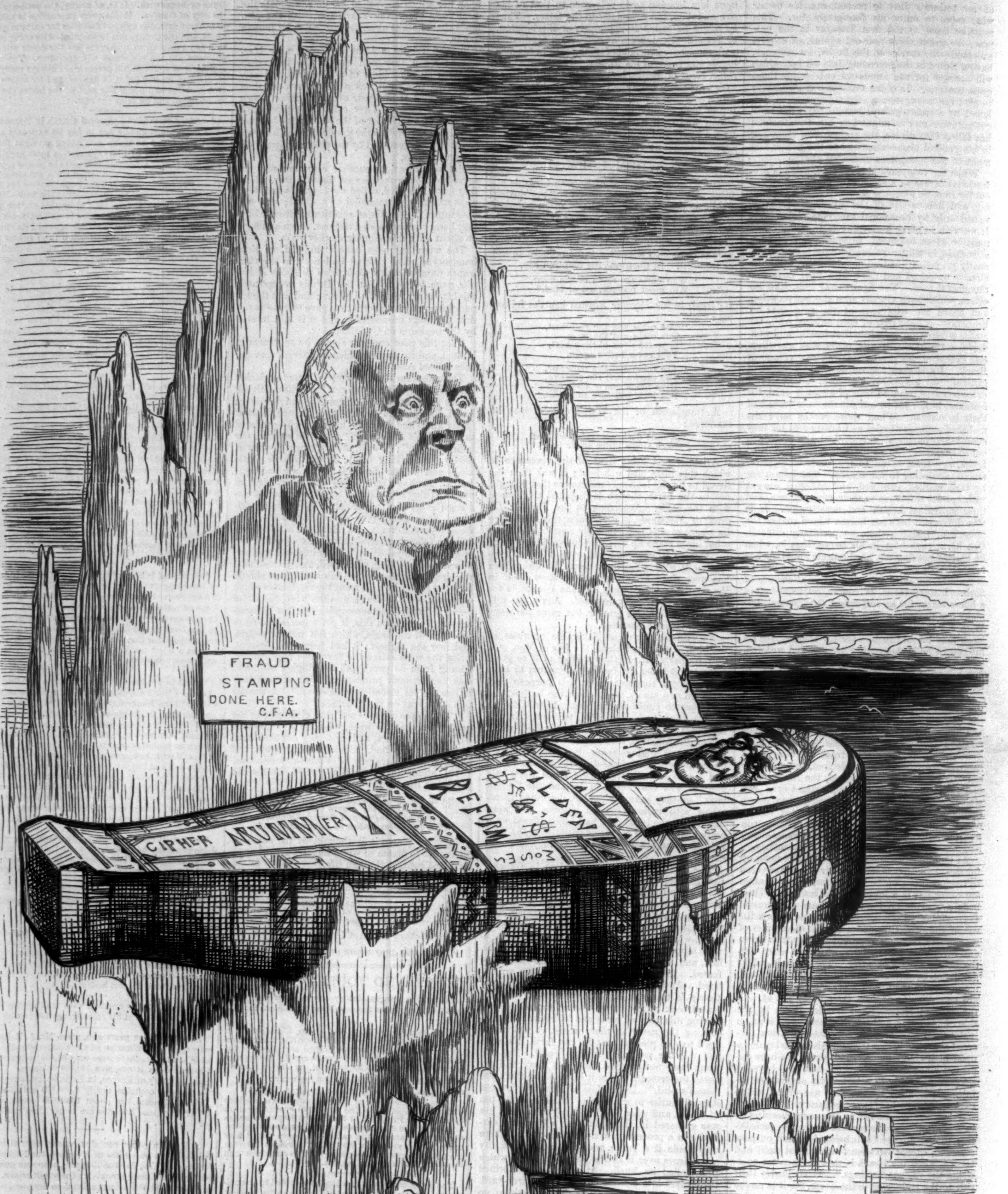
A friend of the late Senator Chandler says that he had often heard Mr. Chandler express a wish to die just as he did, suddenly and without protracted suffering. He had a strong conviction that such would be his end—that death would come to him as "a thief in the night," and did not hesitate to say so.

General Grant is credited with making the longest speech of his life at his recent reception in Chicago.

About eighteen years ago, when Mr. A. R. Spofford was appointed librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington, there were only 68,000 volumes in the library. Now it contains 350,000 volumes. The National Library of France, in Paris, is the largest in the world, and contains nearly 2,000,000 volumes. The British Museum has about 1,100,000 books, and ten other European libraries are larger than the Library of Congress.

A Russian paper contains, among several hitherto unpublished anecdotes of the Emperor Nicholas, the following: One day the Emperor, who was one of the strictest and most inflexible of disciplinarians, met in a street in St. Petersburg a drunken dragoon, who was riding in a drosky. In a great rage, the Czar stopped the drosky, and angrily asked the soldier what he was doing. The imminence of his danger partially sobered the latter. He rose in his carriage, drew his sword, and, saluting the Czar, said, "I am taking a drunken soldier to the guard-room, your Majesty." The Emperor Nicholas smiled, gave the soldier a five-ruble piece, and told his coachman to drive him, not to the guard-room, but home.

Herr Maurice Philipp, of Riesbach, in Zürich, Switzerland, is reported to have discovered a method of keeping milk fresh and sweet in any temperature for any length of time. The process is said to be an undoubted success scientifically; whether it will also be so commercially remains to be proved. The convenience of having milk which may be preserved indefinitely is evident. Consumers can receive their supplies weekly or monthly, with much saving of time and labor. But just now the difficulty is that Herr Philipp keeps his process a secret, and what he will do in the future is unknown. Samples of his milk have been severely tested by the Chemical Agricultural Commission of Zurich, and it is like any other good milk, with the added quality of keeping sweet and fresh for months. Herr Philipp has announced his intention of supplying London and Paris with milk from the mountains of Switzerland.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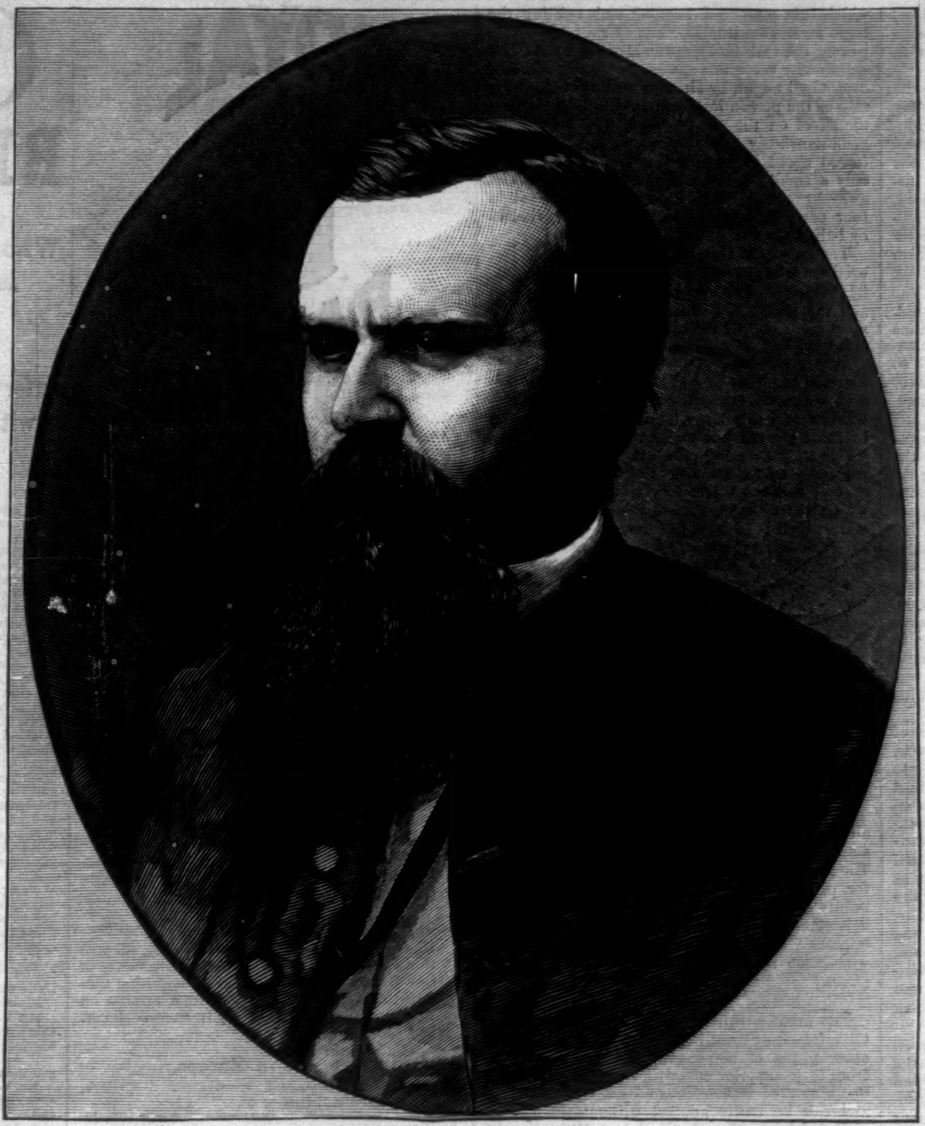
"There is a whisper to the effect that after himself he desires Mr. CHARLES F. ADAMS nominated."—*Daily Press.*

REV. JOHN N. GALLEHER.

THE Rev. JOHN N. GALLEHER, rector of Zion Church in this city, who has just been unanimously elected Bishop of Louisiana, is quite a young man, having been born in Mason County, Kentucky, in 1839. After graduating at the University of Virginia, he studied law in Thibodeauxville, Louisiana, and on the outbreak of the war entered the Confederate service as a private soldier from that State. His abilities were soon recognized, and led to his appointment as Adjutant-General to General BUCKNER, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. After the war he was admitted to the bar in Louisville, Kentucky, and began practice as a partner of Judge WOOLLEY. His mind, however, turned in another direction, and he entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary in this city. In 1868 he was ordained deacon in Christ Church, Louisville, and became associated with the Rev. Dr. CRAIK, rector of that church. In 1869 he was called to Trinity Church, New Orleans, and in 1871 went to Baltimore as rector of the Memorial Church. In 1873 he became rector of his present parish, Zion Church, in this city. Dr. GALLEHER is not only a man of fine attainments and most genial and winning manners, but possesses pulpit powers of the highest order, coupled with admirable administrative abilities. Louisiana is fortunate in having made so excellent a selection for its diocesan. Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, writing of the Bishop elect in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says that soon after his going to Baltimore a stranger was heard inquiring of a lady in a street car if she had heard Colonel GALLEHER preach. "Colonel GALLEHER!" she replied; "I did not know we had any colonels preaching in Baltimore." "Yes, madam," replied the gentleman, "go and hear him preach, for he is a good preacher; and more than that, madam, he was a good soldier; and more than that, madam, he married the prettiest woman in the State of Kentucky."



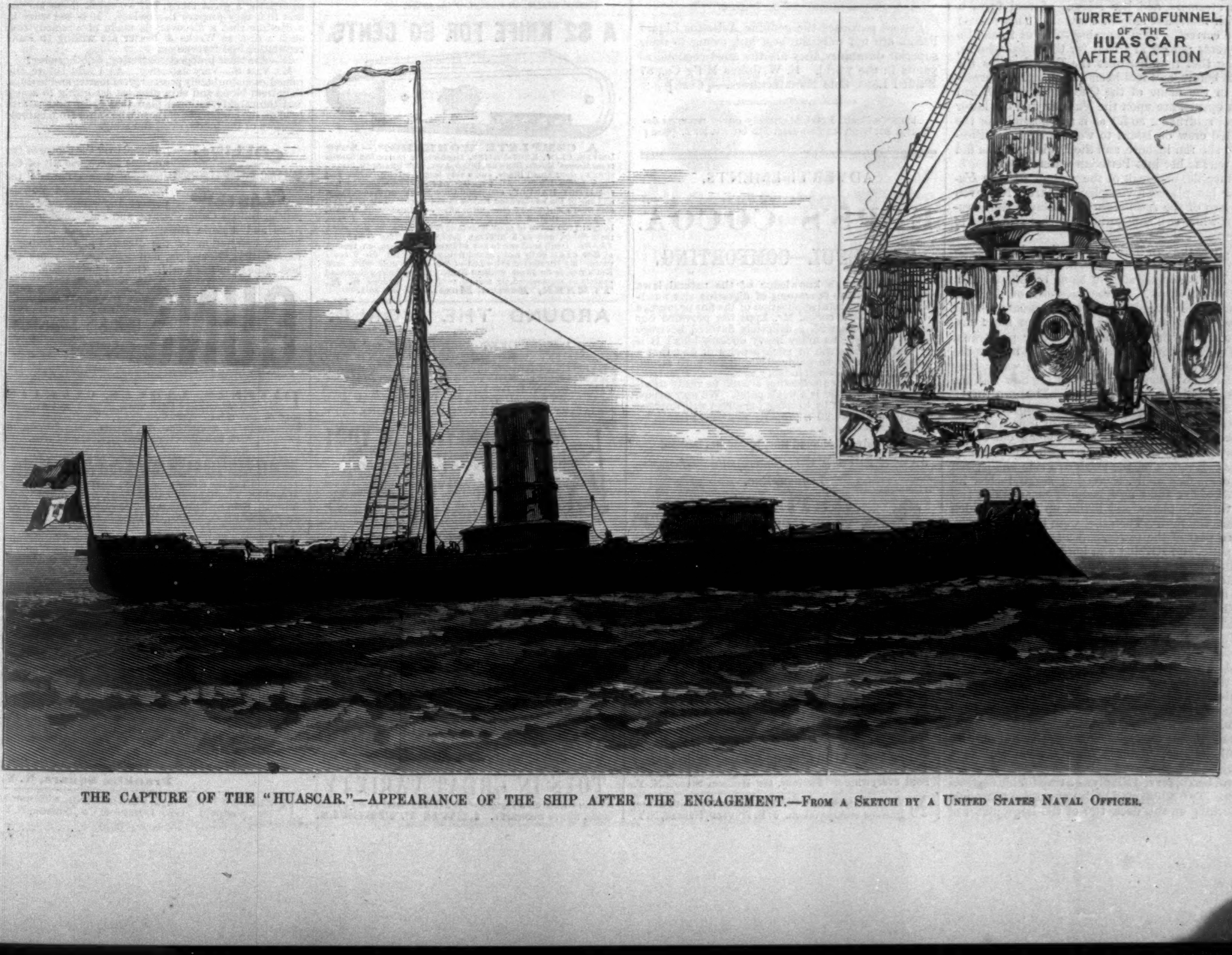
THE REV. JOHN N. GALLEHER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. W. WASHBURN.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "HUASCAR."

ON this page our readers will find two sketches showing the condition in which the Peruvian iron-clad *Huascar* emerged from the conflict which resulted in her capture by the Chilian armed ships *Almirante Cochrane* and *Blanca Encalada*. The engagement between these vessels took place on the 8th of October, and has justly been called the greatest combat between iron-clad ships that the world has ever seen. Rear-Admiral GRAU, commander of the *Huascar*, with the greater portion of his officers and men, died fighting by the side of their guns. The Chilian vessels were seriously damaged, but, owing to their superior number and strength, necessarily gained a decisive victory over the unfortunate iron-clad.

It was some time after three o'clock on the morning of the day of battle that the *Huascar*, cruising off Antofagasta, signalled to her consort, the *Union*, that the enemy was in sight, and immediately proceeded at full speed to the northward, hoping to elude the vigilance of the Chilians, and trusting to the superior speed of the *Union* to mislead the opposing squadron. In fact, the latter vessel rather invited the enemy's attention in the hope that the *Huascar* might get far enough ahead before daybreak to escape. The Chilian vessels were four in number, one iron-clad and three wooden steamers. The manœuvre promised to be successful, owing to the dense fog that covered the ocean, but the Chilians had caught a glimpse of the *Huascar*, and were hard upon her track. By seven in the morning the Chilians were still in pursuit, about 6000 meters from the *Union*, and the *Huascar* ahead; but when the fog lifted there appeared directly in front the remaining division of the enemy's fleet—another armed frigate and three corvettes or transports. The situation was extremely alarming for the Peruvian vessel. Behind was the squadron first sighted, on one side the barren and dangerous coast, and ahead the division last discerned bearing down at full speed. Against such odds it appeared useless to the commander of the *Huascar* to make a stand while an opportunity for escape presented itself, and the two Peruvian vessels continued their course north, getting well in toward the shore, and with some expectation that their greater velocity might yet give them an advantage. To no purpose, however. The *Huascar* at half past nine found herself in front of the Morro of Mejillones, and the second iron-clad within cannon-shot, while the first was coming rapidly up. Running in toward shore, in the very bay of Mejillones de Bolivia, the Monitor awaited the advance of her nearest antagonist, and let drive her two turret guns, following up the discharge by an attempt at ramming, which proved unsuccessful, owing to the power possessed by the Chilians to turn in their own length with their twin screws. The fire was instantly returned, and the mitrailleuses in the tops of the *Huascar* and her enemies commenced their dreadful rattle. The *Union*, seeing that she could be of no service whatever, as her loss would have been certain, exposed to the fire of the heavy guns of the iron-clads, and unable to cope with seven armed wooden vessels of her own class, more or less, proceeded on her way north, but from time to time awaited to see if the three Chilian corvettes following her would give battle. This was denied. So the *Union* escaped.

It was nearly ten o'clock—that is, after the battle had lasted half an hour—when a heavy shell from the *Cochrane* struck the tower, within which Admiral GRAU always took his place during action. The terrible missile entered the tower about half a meter under its middle height, carried with it broken pieces of iron and wood, exploded within the tower, and the fragments of iron, mingled with a quivering mass of human flesh, fell on the other side of the deck, while the whole ship was filled with smoke and the débris of the destroyed bulwark. The admiral had been the first to take his station in the tower at the beginning of the action. Only shielded by the tower from the waist down, the shell cut his body completely in two, leaving the feet and legs


TURRET AND FUNNEL OF THE HUASCAR AFTER ACTION

THE CAPTURE OF THE "HUASCAR."—APPEARANCE OF THE SHIP AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A UNITED STATES NAVAL OFFICER.

in the tower, and carrying off the head and bust to sea. What could be recovered of his remains was buried by the Chilians in Mejillones with all due honors.

According to Chilian account, which is the most circumstantial that has reached us, the flag of the *Huascar* was shot away at twenty-five minutes past ten, and it was supposed that the vessel had surrendered. Much to the surprise of the Chilians, however, whose ships had stopped firing, and the men begun cheering over the victory, the Peruvian colors again appeared, and the gallant *Huascar*, battered to pieces, and the better part of her people dead, hoisted the flag which had been intrusted to her valor, firing a blank cartridge to show that it was still there. The story runs that some of the sailors and machinists aboard the iron-clad thought that the time had arrived for surrender, and that further loss of life would simply be a sacrifice. Indeed, so far did they insist upon this idea as to endeavor to force Lieutenant Garezon to strike the colors. But this officer, putting a guard over the flag, and seeing that the end had arrived, descended to the engine-room and opened the valves, so that the water began to rush in, gradually submerging the vessel. Then came the boarding. The Chilians by main force took the ship, and, according to one account, they hauled down the Peruvian flag after reaching it over a hecatomb of dead, dying, and wounded. The people who went aboard the *Huascar* from Mejillones after the battle state that the scene was horrible beyond description. Below-decks the sides were incrusted with human remains, hair, flesh, pieces of shell, fragments of furniture, and clothing, making a débris frightful to behold. The first care of the victors was slightly to repair the noble vessel, after which she was towed down to Valparaiso.

The *Huascar* was the pride and dependence of the Peruvian navy. She was built by Messrs. Lloyd on the Clyde in 1865 for Peru, and was inferior in only one or two respects to the best of our own iron-clads. Her record has been an exceptionally brilliant one. She first distinguished herself by capturing two Spanish vessels during Peru's war with Spain in 1866, and afterward took part in the defeat of the Spanish fleet at Callao. She has been concerned in most of the revolutionary movements that have occurred during the past ten years. In May, 1877, she was seized by the followers of Pierola, the rebel, and was forthwith declared a pirate by the Peruvian government. The British men-of-war *Shah* and *Amethyst* were mainly instrumental in reducing her to allegiance. Her encounter with these vessels was the first that had taken place between iron-clads in the Pacific. Before meeting the *Shah* the *Huascar* had to encounter the iron-clad frigate *Independencia*, corvette *Union*, and gunboat *Pilcomayo*. The fight continued for an hour and a half at rifle range; then, darkness coming on, the *Huascar* thought it advisable to escape. At Iloilo, on the evening of the 29th, firing was heard far out at sea, and shortly afterward the *Huascar* was seen steaming in toward shore. Night fell, and the ship disappeared. All manner of conjectures were formed, but no reason could be given for the firing, save that the rebel ship had come into collision with the *Shah* and *Amethyst*, which were on the look-out for her, on account of depredations committed by her upon the royal mail steamers, and her seizure of coal from a British merchant ship at Pisagua. This proved to be correct. Next morning three of Pierola's adherents put off in a boat for the *Independencia*, saying that they had met the English ships the night before, and had been summoned to surrender in the name of the Queen. The *Shah* had then opened fire upon the *Huascar*, and the latter vessel returned it so far as it was possible for the limited crew on board to work the guns. Presently she ran inshore, and the English vessels did not pursue her into Peruvian waters.

Since the outbreak of the present war the *Huascar* has played a conspicuous part. Not even the loss of the *Independencia* dismayed the Peruvians while this substantial iron-clad remained to them.

When the *Huascar* was finally taken possession of by the Chilians after her gallant struggle, she had the appearance of being little more than a hopeless wreck. At the water-line on the starboard side five balls had completely passed through her armor, four of these at short distances from the poop, and the other penetrated the part occupied by the engines; but as the latter are below the surface of the water, they suffered no injury. The part of the bow with the figure-head was carried away. The gun turret, which is the strongest part of the ship, being protected by five and a half inches of iron, was traversed in two parts, the pieces being cut out as cleanly as if they had been scooped out of cheese. One ball struck on the starboard side and passed through diagonally, traversing seven inches instead of five and a half, bending considerably two of the side plates, and lifting up the one which forms the roof. The other went through the forward part of the tower, cutting out a large piece of plate, and striking and bursting on one of the 300-pounders, killed eighteen persons inside. In addition to these two shots, the turret has marks of five others, two of which, in consequence of striking very obliquely, did not enter, but scooped out large pieces of plate, while the others simply indented them. On the port side is distinctly visible the mark left by the shot from the *Shah*.

A little aft of the gun turret is the watch-tower of the commander, hexagonal, and composed of plates of three-inch iron outside, then eight inches of teak, and inside half an inch of iron, leaving just room in the interior for the easy movement of the person placed there. This tower was not only literally knocked to pieces, but the wood-work took fire inside, and instead of being a protection to Admiral Grau, served simply as a trap for his destruction. Two 300-pound balls passed right through, knocking on the deck two of the large plates of which it is composed, bending and twisting the large masses of iron like bits of card-board, and ripping the teak into thousands of large and small splinters. Were this tower simply composed of iron, a ball might, by chance, pass through at the side of the person inside without killing him, but the effect on the wood is such that death must instantaneously ensue from the large splinters forced about in all directions. Of the capstan only a small bit remains, the rest being carried away by a shot. The funnel was traversed in four parts by large balls, besides being riddled by balls from the mitrailleuse and rifles.

The only boat remaining after the action had been suspended from the poop by very thick davits. One was cut into by a ball in its passage, and the boat fell into the water, but was afterward secured. Of the other boats there was not a vestige left. On the main-deck lay the boiler of the steam-launch or winch, with the tubes knocked to pieces by a shot. On the deck aft is a large cannon, occupying an opening in the bulwarks sufficiently large for its management. A ball had entered just under the gun, without injuring it, but tearing up all that it found in its passage. On the cross-trees of the mainmast is a nest or look-out where four men were stationed with a mitrailleuse. These were killed, and the mast, which is of iron, has several shot-holes in it. In addition to these damages, there were signs in all directions of the deadly effect of rifle-balls.

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Interview of a "Times" Reporter with Peter Van Schaack, Esq.

[*From the Chicago Times.*]

To enable the "Times" to furnish its readers with some reliable information regarding the Cuticura Remedies, which are now attracting so much public attention, a reporter called yesterday upon Mr. Peter Van Schaack, of Van Schaack, Stephenson, & Co., wholesale and retail druggists, corner Lake and Dearborn Streets, when the following facts were elicited:

R.—Will you oblige the readers of the "Times" by answering a few questions regarding the Cuticura Remedies?

Mr. Van S.—Certainly; fire away.

R.—Do they sell well?

Mr. Van S.—The sales of the Cuticura, Cuticura Resolvent, and Cuticura Soap have been unprecedented.

R.—What reasons do you give for so large a sale?

Mr. Van S.—I give four reasons. First, they are original and revolutionary in their composition and mode of treatment. Second, they undoubtedly possess great curative properties. Third, there are thousands upon thousands of sick and suffering who have tried and found wanting the usual remedies and modes of treatment, and who are ready to welcome a really great and successful medicine. Fourth, the price of them is within the means of every invalid.

R.—Are your large sales of these medicines through your agents?

Mr. Van S.—No; they are legitimate mail orders. We employ no travellers on the road—are fundamentally opposed to that way of selling goods—the retailer has to stand such expense, and such staple goods as these require no one to force them off.

R.—Do you class them as patent medicines?

Mr. Van S.—I do not. They are proprietary only so far as their names are concerned, these being held as trade-marks.

R.—Can you tell us something about this firm?

Mr. Van S.—Weeks & Potter are importers, wholesale druggists and chemists, and for 25 years have been the foremost house in the trade in New England.

R.—It is popularly supposed that advertising will sell most anything, regardless of merit. Is it true?

Mr. Van S.—No. A remedy falsely claiming to possess virtues of which it is in fact destitute will surely fail. No reputable firm—and druggists are the most competent judges—would think of risking fame and fortune on any medicine, unless it had, under the most trying circumstances, proved itself to possess extraordinary medicinal value. The expense attending the introduction of such remedies is enormous. A fortune must be spent before any return can be expected. If, after a wide distribution, they are found to possess the virtues claimed for them, those who have been cured will recommend them one to another, and thus make them remunerative. When a man backs his statements with his own money, you may generally rely upon them. This Weeks & Potter are doing.

R.—Have they ever before prepared remedies for popular use?

Mr. Van S.—I believe not. They are, like ourselves, agents for a great many, but we think these are the first that they prepare themselves. It is but once in a lifetime that a discovery is made of a remedy that such a firm as Weeks & Potter are willing to stake reputation and fortune on.

R.—Are their prospects flattering, or otherwise?

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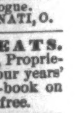

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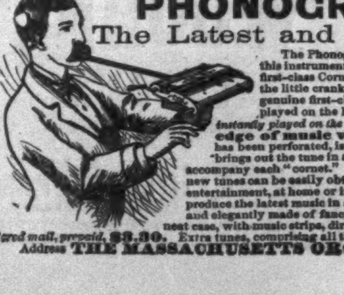

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